Next Month

and later

A CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM

Edward A. Strecker

If, as is generally conceded, alcoholism is chiefly psychological in its causes and effects, then it can be dealt with effectively only by psychological weapons. Medicines, sanitariums, and various physical strengthening measures have their place in the therapy, but, unless the dominant motif is psychological, they are foredoomed to failure. Dr. Strecker, coauthor of *Alcohol — One Man's Meat*, expands these ideas in an informative article.

THE PRESS CAN DO NO WRONG

H. L. Smith

Possibly the above title annoys you. Actually, of course, even the publishers admit that the press *can* do wrong. The trouble is, they won't let anyone else admit it. Mr. Smith believes that the American press, that is, our great daily newspapers, is riding for a fall unless the magnates take time out to discover why so many persons regard them with suspicion. The press, he thinks, cannot long afford to thumb its nose at the public.

IS YOUR MILK SAFE?

Alfred S. Campbell

Tuberculosis tests, pasteurization, and supposedly rigid maintenance of sanitary conditions are commonly believed to have made the milk you buy 100-per-cent pure, at least if you live in a large city. But there is a disease of cattle, far more prevalent than those against which present precautions are chiefly taken, which is an ever present menace to public health by way of infected milk. This is mastitis, or garget, most of which is streptococcic in type. Mr. Campbell, a man of long experience in dairy farming, thinks that the danger from this disease is largely ignored by dairy farmers and inspection services alike.

UNSOCIAL WELFARE

Mary Bishop

The public annually gives huge sums to private charities of every description. Much of this money, in the opinion of a former social worker, is wasted. Uneconomic, obsolete, limited in scope, many private charities have outlived their usefulness. Social workers, Miss Bishop says, instead of asking, "How can I keep my job?" should inquire, "Does society need the work I am doing?"

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

JULY 1938

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE OVER-FORTY PROBLEM

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Possibly Channing Pollock ["Death Begins at Forty," November FORUM] has looked at this from a broader viewpoint than I can, but I am going to give you a few observations from my own point of view, which, of course, is associated with what might be termed that of large industry.

I think the time for such an article has gone by, by at least three years. The time for this article and these thoughts was before the Social Security Act was adopted, when many companies either had their own life insurance and old-age pension plans, or were considering them. For a company that had its own life insurance and old-age pension plans, or was considering such plans, the question of age quite naturally would have a bearing on its employment policy, especially if a pension or life insurance benefit were involved and the company was carrying the entire burden. But if the plans were on a contributory basis, with the employees also bearing a portion of the cost, and particularly if the employee's contribution was in proportion to his age, the employer would give less weight to the age of the prospective employee.

In those companies having neither a life insurance nor old-age pension plan, and not considering the adoption of such plans, that is those companies that feel no responsibility for the employee after he has finished his work with the company, the age of the entering employee need not be very seriously considered by the employer. . . . And accidents during employment, of course, are taken care of, in most states at all events, under the Workmen's Compensation Law.

When the Social Security Act was passed, it made a radical difference in the program of those companies that had life insurance or old-age pension plans, or were considering such plans, for thereafter all companies were included. Today, when an employee enters an organization, large or small, with or without life insurance or old-age pension plans of its own, the employee is covered and it is obligatory for the employer and employee to contribute to his provision for an old-age pension, which carries with it a provision for survivor benefit. Therefore, the age of the entering employee is not a factor; it is simply skill, ability, health and physical wellbeing sufficient to do the job for which he is being considered. There is no greater liability upon the employer in engaging a man of 60 than one of 30 or less.

The policy of our Company is along these lines; indeed, early in 1937, when large orders were being placed for capital goods, by industry and the public utilities, many of our former employees who had been laid off, were reemployed and many men over 40 years of age were taken on — the only condition being that they be in good health, able to stand the strain and have the necessary skill to perform the work for which they were being employed. As a matter of fact, the work of a skilled mechanic, who has to work with great precision, requires a skill that is not hastily acquired; it takes years of experience and therefore mechanics and tool makers over 40 years of age are very often better qualified than younger men, because they have the experience, maturity and judgment, which years of experience at their trade has given them. Statistics of our Company illustrate this. In our organization of approximately 75,000 people, at the present time 55% of our works people, who have been with the Company 5 years and over, are over 40 years of age.

Of course every large industry, and many of the smaller ones, especially if the line of manufacture is at all specialized, endeavors to train young men — graduates of the High Schools — through an Apprentice Course, to qualify them as skilled artisans and mechanics. This makes for the influx of younger men, which is healthy from the standpoint of building up morale and continuing the esprit de corps of an organization. And many industries today, such as our own, can point to fathers and sons at work in their shops, and indeed, in some cases we now have employees in the third generation.

GERARD SWOPE, *President*
General Electric Company
New York, N. Y.

AN EXPLANATION

To the Editor:

In addition to having received a great number of letters of appreciation, I have been criticized for speaking of the Catholic as worshiping the Virgin (as the Scot worships his bawbees and the Jew intelligence), in my article, "What the Jews Have Taught Me," from the May FORUM. If my critics will turn to a reliable dictionary, they will find as synonyms for "worship" "revere," "reverence," "honor" and as definition "adore," "venerate." The context of the article should have made it sufficiently clear that this was the sense intended, rather than the narrow theological meaning of the word.

FAITH G. WINTHROP
New York, N. Y.

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THE BOOK FORUM

SCANDINAVIA BECKONS — Amy Oakley (D. Appleton-Century, $4.00).
THE LORD HELPS THOSE . . . — Bertram B. Fowler (Vanguard, $1.75).
ISAAC NEWTON — J. W. N. Sullivan (Macmillan, $2.50).
LABOR'S NEW MILLIONS — Mary Heaton Vorse (Modern Age, $0.50).
JAPAN IN CHINA — T. A. Bisson (Macmillan, $3.00).
SOME STILL LIVE — F. G. Tinker, Jr. (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.50).

Not so long ago only a handful of Americans had anything but a vague sort of friendly feeling about the four countries of northern Europe broadly called Scandinavian. These were nations with a lot of magnificent scenery and a splendid knack of tending efficiently to their own business.

Now, chiefly through the interest of a few individuals, something like a real enthusiasm for things Scandinavian has grown up in this country. Educators discovered and applied Danish folk-school methods; co-operatives modeled on the Swedish and Finnsh groups have put money into consumers' pockets; Marquis Childs's crusading book raised hope among the lovers of the Middle Way; and men like Nathan Soderblom and Sigfrid Edstrom have built valiantly on the foundation of firm Scandinavian-American cultural relations.

For an author to sum up all the phases of this awakening interest would seem a scholar's task. Skipping any such dull formality, Amy Oakley has done the job by sampling and savoring for herself those things that had so attracted others. Together with her artist husband, she spent two summers exploring Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. *Scandinavia Beckons*, illustrated with Thornton Oakley's fine and decorative drawings, records their journeys; and a thoroughly beguiling book it is.

In graceful prose the author outlines places, ideas, people, trends, and it is her gift to choose always the pointed rather than the merely picturesque incident to illuminate her story. In Denmark, passionately utilitarian, there was the peasant with his comment that the butterfly was pretty but bad for the cabbage; and on shipboard the astronomer who came to the Land of the Midnight Sun for a complete rest because only there are the skies guaranteed to be starless; and the station-master in Finland, most literate of countries, whose learning awed these two recent visitors in the homes of Selma Lagerlôf and Sibelius. The sharp-drawn contrast of Sweden's "ancient nobility and ultra-modern legislation," of Viking castles and perfectly run factories, makes lively, provocative reading.

Rarely does a book catch and pass on so much, not only of the outward aspects of four lands but of their spirit as well.

Although the Scandinavian co-operative movement has taken root here and there all over this continent, in one obscure corner it has blossomed and borne new fruit. The story of what co-operation has done for Nova Scotia, once a dismal land of poverty, appears in *The Lord Helps Those . . .*, by Bertram B. Fowler, whose cheerful philosophy is already familiar to FORUM readers.

The whole astonishing transformation of a people from misery to self-respecting security had its start in the heart and mind of one man. For many years Dr. J. J. Tompkins, a teacher at St. Francis Xavier University, had dreamed of educating not just a few youngsters, who would then go off to happier places, but everybody — down to the poorest of fishermen and miners. He had an unshakable faith that, once men and women could learn to think beyond their lack of daily bread, they could devise ways for their own relief. He was right, of course, but no one believed him but the people themselves. Alone at first, Father Tompkins went out and taught. He stood by the roadside and gave simple lectures in economics to men as they worked; spent night after night in bare kitchens showing them how to read and write.

Finally it happened, the thing he was so sure of. The destitute fishermen of one parish got together and began to market their own lobsters, independent of the big company's agent with his arbitrary low prices. The next step was to build their own cannery. A milk co-operative followed, then a new school for children who had never before had clothes enough to leave home in winter. Other fishing villages took hope and broke from the share-cropping system that kept them always in debt to the company store and half-starved. Credit unions sprang up. Today the first new housing projects are under way. But not once has Father Tompkins or his now large group of helpers done the planning first. Every new idea has sprung from those little gatherings in dim kitchens, worked out with only the slightest guidance, on a basis of reading and thinking.

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The Book Forum

and heartening account of accomplishment and of one man's superb trust in human beings. In making it a dramatic story, Mr. Fowler has been perhaps too chary of figures and tables and documents. But whether or not you think, as he does, that the solution to our economic problems lies in breaking up huge cities and scattering industrial production into co-operative units, you will find much to brood about in his record of the hitherto unutilized capacities of simple folk who seem to do a good job of managing their own affairs.

THE life story of a great scientist in a great age of scientific development is told by J. W. N. Sullivan in *Isaac Newton*. An average, undistinguished youth, Newton in his twenty-third year could have said regretfully with Milton that his "late spring no bud or blossom sheweth." But at twenty-three his mathematical genius did blossom, and it flourished until that strange day not many years later when his ingenuity was diverted into the study of the prophetic books of the Bible and the mystical writings of Jacob Boehme.

Carefully and not overtechnically Mr. Sullivan has worked out the development of Newton's mind and evaluated his contribution to practical science. For it apparently was as a practical and not a pure scientist that Newton thought of himself. In spite of the lack of source material, the author records indelibly the self-effacing, earnest, almost gaunt soul of Newton, who late in life could say: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me." Such was the grave discoverer of the law of gravity.

WHEN a mature and temperate observer of the American scene chronicles the C.I.O., the least we can expect is a dependable book. When that observer happens to be Mary Heaton Vorse, careful interpretation is graced with extremely effective writing. In *Labor's New Millions* she tells the amazing story of the changes in industrial practices, in community life, in countless thousands of private lives wrought by the new prominence of unions in the American pattern.

Here is the inside story, shorn of gossip and legendry, of how the new steel union was in a position to bring Myron C. Taylor to terms. Just what produced the gargantuan union in the automobile industry? A clear, dramatic chapter reports this recent shift in our country's center of gravity. What about the west-coast longshoremen whose strikes had us goggle-eyed? How does it happen that the C.I.O. organized the mass-production industries which the 50-year-old American Federation of Labor had failed to touch? Mrs. Vorse gives the answers in terms of new strike techniques and modern economic theories; and for every generalization she has meaty examples. She is as full of anecdotes and incidents as is a sports writer covering a big prize fight — or as was Homer of the sallies and engagements beneath the walls of Troy.

WHEN Commodore Perry hove to in the waters off Japan, the logic of events was not clear to all who hailed the "opening" of that miniature relic of Middle Ages. And it is still a little of a shock to find that quaint country herself now "opening" a new territory — this time with the aid of all the latest military equipment. Her whole swift transition from feudalism through factories toward fascism is background for T. A. Bisson's *Japan in China*. Here in one volume the ferment of the Orient is concentrated, distilled.

Because it is the author's head which has led his heart to be with China, he is specific, analytic. He never whoops it up for the Kuomintang or the Red Army. Abuse is not his technique, nor agitation. Scrupulously he analyzes the ascendancy of the war-making clique in Japan and the new unity of war-resistant China. He supports with impeccable facts the familiar but nevertheless exciting story of Nipponese press agentry and intrigue that preceded her armies. He documents the almost miraculous burying of hatchets between Chiang Kai-shek and the communists. Though his book was written in the midst of an enormous conflict, it has calm and breadth of vision, because Mr. Bisson's long residence in the Orient has given him sure knowledge of his scene and his subject. To anyone who really cares to know what is happening to the other half of the world, *Japan in China* is of inescapable importance.

OF the undeclared war on the European front F. G. Tinker, of Arkansas, writes with devil-may-care verve in *Some Still Live*. Excited by the scrap in Spain, he decided to volunteer his skill as an aviator, and the bombing of Madrid made up his mind which side he would take. For seven months he flew Loyalist planes, mowed down more than his share of the enemy, and got an enormous pleasure out of the life he risked in battle after battle. When his crusader friends fell, his soldier-of-fortune luck held. Not insensitive to the grimness of war, Tinker nevertheless loved its danger and the heightened awareness that danger brings. With gusto he tells his tales of adventure.

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TOASTS

ALFRED HIRSCH was born in New York City, holds degrees from Harvard and Columbia, and studied in France for several years. Since 1932 he has been active most of the time with various prolabor organizations. He does a good deal of free-lance writing and at present is publicity, recreational, and educational director of the Cafeteria Employees Union, Local 302.

F. FRASER BOND has spent half his professional career in the active practice of journalism and the other half in teaching it at Columbia University. He was for seven years a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*.

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON spent 26 years as Executive Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Poor health led him to retire. Unhappy over the repeal of prohibition, he writes that he hopes to live to participate in the reaction and the final victory over Beverage Alcohol.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL is a native of Denver, a member of an old Western family. For the past ten years has been doing advertising work for the Great Western Sugar Company.

ALFRED UHLER, a graduate of Princeton, veteran of the American ambulance service in France, and dealer in rare American books, is associated with David Seabury, consulting psychologist, with whom he has collaborated in writing *How to Get Things Done*. A book of Mr. Uhler's, *Cast Out Your Devils*, will also be published shortly.

MARGARET FISHBACK, witty New York poetess, writes advertising for Macy's, where her husband is rug buyer. They recently returned from a vacation on their new farm on the Maine coast.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH, who lives in New York, a former newspaperwoman and frequent magazine contributor, is married to another well-known journalist, Henry F. Pringle.

JOHN J. O'NEILL, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1937, is science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

LOUIS BLANCHARD KALEY, a resident of Dorchester, Massachusetts, turned to writing when the depression struck a blow at his former occupation, which was layout, lettering, and design.

HORACE COON is a former newspaperman and English teacher (who also ran a collar factory for two years and spent a year recovering). His article in this issue will be incorporated in a book on philanthropic foundations to be published in the fall.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER has published four books of verse. Music, too, has her deep interest, and, though she did not pursue it professionally, she was formerly successful as a singer.

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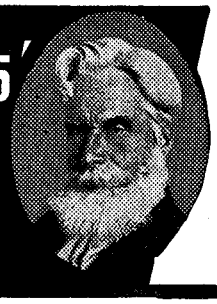

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Education by Film

Editorial Foreword

RICHARD WHITNEY in prison at Sing Sing has been appointed, according to a recent news dispatch, "Professor of Visual Education." If true, this is an excellent appointment. Mr. Whitney has enjoyed the advantages of training in two of the best equipped institutions of learning in America. His former wealth has given him every opportunity to travel in foreign lands and to meet men of affairs. He is in a strategic position to select films that depict happier ways of life and honest occupations and to interpret them to fellow prisoners who have been denied his opportunities for education. Perhaps society may be repaying to these underprivileged unfortunates a debt it owes them in return for the debt they are paying to society.

Teachers, as well as parents, throughout America today, are beginning to realize the potential power of motion pictures to supplement the traditional routine of the classroom and to enliven the processes of education. Motion pictures enjoy an advantage over every other medium of instruction yet devised by man in their capacity to concentrate information and record human conduct.

The motion-picture houses are today the chief guide of the American child in his conversation, thinking, and behavior. For the film has relegated to second place the influences of the folk traditions that children transmit to their fellow children. The school is usually a poor third in his education.

The present problem of visual education is to capture the attractive technique and the emotional appeal of the commercial motion pictures and to install documentary films and other films of educational value within the walls of the schools. What kind of films, then, do the schools need, and how acquire them?

THE OCCUPATIONAL FILM

THE TYPE of film that may prove of most value to children is not yet in its infancy — the occupational film.

The vast majority of children go through school without the remotest idea of what they are going to do with their lives. Some of them have just one set idea. It may be to follow a parent's occupation. Or it may be the ambition of the little girl who wanted to become a stenographer to a banker only because a pretty woman taking dictation, viewed through the window of a bank passed daily on the way home from school, was the pleasantest sight the child had ever seen. This little girl had no notion that there might be a thousand other types of occupation for which she was better

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fitted by temperament and talent than that of stenographer.

It is difficult, in the slow, laborious process of study and recitation, to acquaint children of today with very many of the complicated careers and ways of earning one's living that are offered by modern society. What does the word *puddler* or the word *pediatrician* connote to the average child? About as much as the teacher's description of a giraffe as "an animal with long legs" meant to the little girl who saw a crane in the woods for the first time and ran breathless to school to announce that she had seen "a giraffe with only two legs."

Visual education has the opportunity to pass quickly before the eye of a child not only the panorama of many countries but the intimate details of every variety of human behavior. It may be that the child will be impressed for life by a discovery, very personal to him, revealed by but one second of passing film — a discovery more germane to his career than years on years of patient study.

Education must be extremely personal if the emotional appeal of the motion picture is to give virility to education. Occupational films should reveal the person practicing his career rather than the career in the abstract. The child should be shown a film not about plumbing but about the life of a plumber, not about the play of animals but about the daily life of a zoologist.

After occupational films, perhaps the most important type of film that should be introduced into the schools is the documentary film. Documentary films have been developed more intelligently in Great Britain than in other countries. Now, American companies are engaged in their manufacture. *The March of Time* is one kind of documentary film already familiar to movie-house goers, and *The River*, by Pare Lorentz, is another. But all documentary films are not necessarily educational films. By rearranging facts, they can distort their implication. For example, three excellent films are being produced this year by a talented "documentary" company — Frontier Films, Inc. One depicts photographically the horrors of international war in China; the second, civil war in Spain; the third, social war in the United States. These films, however, are partisan. They present the "right" cause rather than the "wrong" cause. They are fair to the left wing and not so fair to the right wing. They are not in the strict sense documentary films; they are propaganda films.

Still another new kind of film for school use is the short episodic film cut out of a popular commercial film that has seen its best days in the motion-picture houses. The idea is to select strips of films that show the pupils social trends and human relations. For these cutouts the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation is now annually appropriating generous thousands of dollars to the Progressive Education Association.

Leadership

How can schoolteacher or school board get access to films for classroom use? For this purpose the H. W. Wilson Company issues its invaluable *Educational Film Catalog* with frequent supplements.* Out of thousands of films that might be considered educational, the editors of the *Catalog* have now studied, passed, and recommended 2,000. By consulting the *Catalog* the teacher will find where he can borrow the type of film he needs, what is its length, whether it is silent or talking, and the cost of a loan. Of course many schools own their films outright, and the school boards of many great cities maintain directors of visual education.

The American Council on Education, with Dr. George F. Zook director and Dr. Charles F. Hoban, Jr., in charge of the motion-picture project, also through the generosity of the General Education Board, has been delving into all the problems of using motion pictures in education. On the basis of their findings, they hope to be able to make recommendations to producers, distributors, teacher-training institutions, school administrators, and teachers which will greatly enhance the effectiveness of the film as an educational tool.

The coming of the film does not mean a revolution in education but an evolution. For the film does not supersede the age-old methods of hard study and patient recitation. The film is a supplement, an expansion; it begins to teach where the textbook leaves off.

Henry Goddard Leach

* Editor's Note: — *960 University Ave., The Bronx, New York City. $2.00; with supplements 1936–1938, $4.00.*

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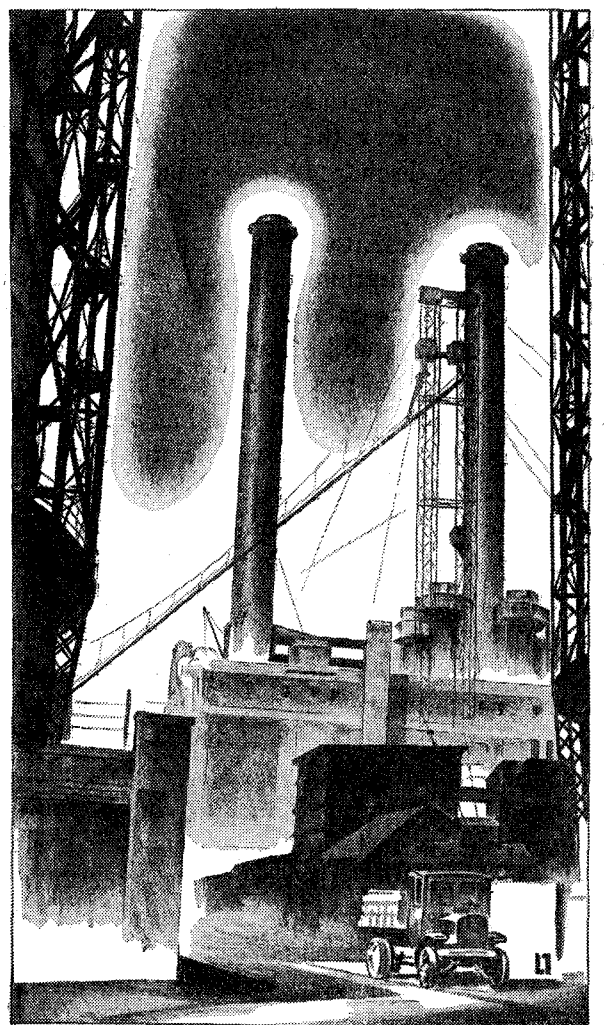
What Is Big Business Up To?

by **ALFRED HIRSCH**



Lithograph by Louis Lozowick *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

I KNOW NOTHING whatever about the State of Utah. What I do know something about is the state of industry."

Perhaps when Ernest T. Weir of Weirton, Chairman of the Board of the National Steel Company, shot out these words in answer to questions put to him by Senator Elbert D. Thomas at a recent hearing of the La Follette civil-liberties committee he was unconscious of his dual use of the word *state*. Perhaps.

Be that as it may, the significance of his brief remark runs deep, deep enough to be the current on which the fundamental principles of American industrialists today are carried, as indeed they have been, in one form or another, over the past 50 years or more. It is no accident that America's captains of industry confuse good government with the rule of industry, often enough looking on the two as synonymous.

And, somehow, up to 1929 the major portion of the country's population, its urban population at least, either indifferently, passively, or unknowingly accepted industry's dictates, thinking also in terms of good government.

But 1936 and early 1937, despite the fact that business conditions were approaching those of predepression days, were not 1929. The people of America had passed through, indeed many were still engulfed in, severe physical hardships. The answer of a large portion of them, helped by a government at times peculiarly sensitive to their needs and demands, had been organization. And that means, primarily, labor organization.

Labor is news today largely because of the tremendous organizational wave which got under way in the days of the NRA. and gathered increasing impetus first with the passage, then with the Supreme Court approval, of the national labor-relations act.

This news, in spite of industry's control of the larger part of its dissemination, is not all on industry's side. Decisions of the National Labor Relations Board, for example, plus the growing consciousness of their significance, manifested in further organization, have given industrialists and their leading mouthpiece in the manufacturers' field — the National Association of Manufacturers (which goes so far as to label much of its literature the Voice of American Industry) — occasion to pause while seeking to develop new tactics by means of

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which to "resell" industry to the American people.

Lip Service

While the National Association of Manufacturers recognizes the right of labor to organize in theory, it has always opposed it in practice as soon as it became a force in any given situation. The N.A.M. 1903 Declaration of Labor Principles, *reaffirmed* in a letter written by Colby M. Chester when he was its president in 1936, stated in part:

> The N.A.M. is not opposed to organization of labor as such. . . . It is the right of the employe to leave his employment whenever he sees fit, and it is the right of the employer to discharge any employe when he sees fit. The Association . . . insists that the doors of no industry be closed against American workmen because of membership or non-membership in any labor organization.

A year later, *American Industries*, a magazine owned wholely by the Association, carried these lines:

> We are not opposed to good unionism. . . . The American Federation of Labor brand of unionism, however, is un-American, illegal and indecent.

And in 1911, John Kirby, president for that year, said that "the A. F. of L. is engaged in an open warfare against Jesus Christ and His Cause."

Today the N.A.M. vents most of its anti-union spleen on the Committee for Industrial Organization. It distributes, to take a single example, a pamphlet purporting to show the rampancy of communism in that organization and entitled *Join the C.I.O. and Help Build a Soviet America.*

The N.A.M. has always stood for the open shop (i.e., a factory in which, while there may be union members, they have no contract with the management). But, with the coming of the NRA. and its collective-bargaining features, which gave considerable support to labor if proper organization was carried on by the trade unions, the N.A.M. set about distributing information on how to build company unions, which, euphemistically, it called employee-representation plans.

When the national labor-relations act, outlawing this type of union, was passed, the N.A.M. proceeded to instruct its members and affiliates as to methods of converting company unions into "independent" unions, "free from company domination and equally free from the rule of labor bosses."

On the one hand its lawyers told the membership that the act was inapplicable to them, since they were engaged in manufacturing and not in interstate commerce, an interpretation of the act which was later voided by the Supreme Court. On the other hand the N.A.M. sent out material to its members in the form of posters to be displayed for the benefit of employees, telling them that the law specifically stated that workers could not be discharged for *failure* to join a union. The poster neglected to carry the information that they could not be discharged *for* joining one either, a slight oversight on the part of the N.A.M. which its representative explained by saying that "the information supplied from organized labor was just as unfair."

The N.A.M.'s and other employers' organizations' campaign to put industry back on the map as responsible for all that has been and is of value in America, it must be stated at this point, has not confined itself solely to attacks on labor. (The employers' use of the word *industry* — and it is being employed in like manner in this article — implies that they, the employers, *are* industry, as if labor played only a minor role in it.) On the legislative and judicial fronts industry has had numerous setbacks in recent years, though it has succeeded in keeping all immediately effective labor measures, such as the wage-hour bill, from becoming law. It sees in the Wagner act, which it has to date been unable to emasculate by amendment, in the social-security act, in present tax laws a threat to its supremacy and uses the New Deal government, as well as the labor unions, as a target for its ammunition.

A Selling Job

Today, through the National Industrial Council, composed largely of national, State, and local manufacturers' associations and reorganized into a more cohesive body in 1935 (offices and paid executives coincide with those of the older organization), the N.A.M. is attempting — and with no little success — to put over industry's position on a unified front, with only such variations as local conditions may demand.

This program depicts industry as the knight in shining armor, imbued with the idea of chiv-

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alry, entering any and all tournaments on behalf of the oppressed, with Closed Shop, Strike, Racketeering Labor Organizers, and even New Deal Government as the black villains who threaten all Americans, rich and poor, employer and employee.

Just as fictitious as the armored hero is industry's picture of the "third party" in industrial strife — the fair lady whose pure virtue is her own protection if she could but understand — whom the N.A.M., following the lead of some of its more enterprising members, is seeking to enlist as helpmate. Indeed, industry is willing to allow this comely third party to serve as its voice.

This third party is the public: the lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, white-collar salaried employees — in other words, what is vaguely known as the great middle class. In the old days this group, though it cannot really be called a single group, used to line up almost automatically against the workers in any industrial dispute.

But when the N.A.M. speaks about reselling industry to the public it is taking cognizance of the fact that the attitude of this third party has changed. In the Chevrolet strike in Toledo, Ohio, in 1935, for example, virtually all the local shopkeepers and restaurant owners extended credit to the strikers, something that, with a few isolated exceptions, would have been unheard of a few years before.

Up through the 1920's and even into the strikes of 1934 and 1935, the tactics of strike-breaking followed a certain formula in most instances. That plan, more or less, consisted in the arrest of strike leaders, the use of violence on others, the planting of dynamite and the subsequent framing of union leaders, the forcible breaking up of picket lines, the employment of spies and strikebreakers.

But the public today is strike conscious, aware to a far greater extent than ever before that there is a labor side to a strike as well as an employer's. And in general the public sympathizes far more with the aims of strikers than in former days. Because of this the N.A.M. in its informational program (its representatives state that its purpose is to provide information, not to dictate policy or carry it into execution) and its members in their organizational activity, once they are affected by labor trouble, have adopted new tactics, different methods of breaking a strike. (Republic Steel, whose 1937 strike produced a considerable death list, is a notable exception.)

It is no pure chance that the N.A.M. has, in the past two years, gone in for a greatly expanded public-relations campaign. Nor should one be surprised that the funds collected for its public information program rose as follows:

1933	$ 0.00
1934	36,500.00
1935	112,659.58
1936	467,759.98
1937	793,043.06

That the sums mentioned above do not come even close to the actual cash value of the N.A.M. publicity is made clear by the following letter of William B. Warner, of the McCall Company and 1937 President of the N.A.M., sent to a fellow member on November 29, 1937. Mr. Warner wrote in part:

> Last year's outdoor advertising which cost $50,000 to prepare, would have cost a million and a quarter to buy outright. . . . Our radio program, over 270 stations, would cost another million dollars. Last year's newspaper campaign, 2,000 pages, would have cost about a million dollars to buy.

EDUCATING THE PUBLIC

THE BILLBOARDS for the outdoor ads referred to were kindly donated by Outdoor Advertising, Inc., perhaps as a gesture of good faith toward an organization representing the manufacturers who were its principal clients. These billboard advertisements, incidentally, which extolled the American Way and of which there were some 60,000, failed to bear the imprint of the N.A.M., thus giving the impression to the casual reader that they represented general policy, perhaps even government policy.

The N.A.M.'s publicity materials included in late 1937 and 1938 two "canned" radio programs: one, called American Family Robinson, used by 268 stations; the other, talks by George Sokolsky, *New York Herald Tribune* commentator, employed by 246 stations. A movie, *Let's Go, America*, was shown, free of charge to the exhibitor, in 2,812 theaters, while a news service, Industrial Press Service, one of several regular newspaper releases, was carried in 6,252 weekly and small daily papers. Special educational data was provided for school use.

An N.A.M. employee-information program

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supplied leaflets to 79 industrial associations and 1,545 individual companies and "serviced" 699 companies with choice items for their house organs. Sound slide films, which amount to illustrated lectures, extolling industry and attacking labor unions in a roundabout way, were shown in 394 different plants and communities.

A series of 12 advertisements all bearing the slogan, *Prosperity Dwells Where Harmony Reigns,* was sent in mat form to 367 newspapers, with the suggestion that these papers in turn sell them to local civic or industrial organizations. The subject of these ads, as the title indicates, was the co-operative spirit that must prevail between labor and capital, if prosperity is to hold sway. Innocent enough, one might say. But the pay-off is this: The original letter by means of which the creator of these ads first approached the president of the N.A.M. started off with these words — *Subject: Labor Difficulties.*

This partial listing will give some idea of big industry's profound realization that today it must sell not only its product but itself to the public.

The Mohawk Valley Formula

At the time of a strike this implies a new approach on the part of industry. Though hinted at and partially developed in earlier days — for there is no set method of dealing with a strike, since local conditions vary — this new scheme was first put into complete operation in the Remington-Rand, Inc., strike of 1936, to break which the company adopted a method which James H. Rand, its president, proudly stated "will go down into history as the Mohawk Valley formula."

The purpose of this scheme (divided into nine distinct stages, in the National Labor Relations Board analysis of it) is to minimize the use of violence and the employment of spies and strikebreakers, exposed in so devastating a manner by the La Follette civil-liberties committee a year ago, and to win the strike by winning over the public and, at the same time and by the same token, demoralizing the strikers.

The nine points of the formula, briefly outlined, follow:

1. Label the union leaders agitators, threaten to move the plant to another city, and form a Citizens' Committee.
2. Raise high the banner of law and order.
3. Call a mass meeting of the citizens to co-ordinate public opinion behind the Citizens' Committee and against the strikers.
4. Deputize a large police force to intimidate the strikers and to exert a psychological effect upon the citizens.
5. Start a back-to-work movement operated by a puppet association of so-called loyal employes.
6. Fix a date for the reopening by having the back-to-work association request it.
7. Stage a dramatic opening, with flag raising, etc.
8. Continue the show of police force.
9. Indicate in your publicity that the plant is in full operation and that the strikers were at all times in the minority.

Particularly to be noted are the psychological factors involved in such a program, factors which bear witness to the extraordinary emphasis placed on winning over the "third party."

While the Remington strike, the program of which served as a basis for this analysis, was still in progress, Mr. Rand, a leading member of the National Association of Manufacturers, requested that organization to send an employee to Ilion, New York (one of the cities which has a Remington plant), to do a reporting job of the events then taking place. Subsequently the material he obtained, through interviews with the publicity representative of the company and other leading citizens — with no attempt to hear the union's side of the dispute — was broadcast to members and affiliates of the N.A.M. and its National Industrial Council, which, it should be stated, is composed of between 30,000 and 35,000 corporations employing from a third to half of all those engaged in manufacturing in the country.

"Ilion has made a real contribution to civic dignity," the N.A.M. bulletin of July 20, 1936, concluded. Nine months later, under examination by the National Labor Relations Board, the N.A.M., while denying that its report advocated the Remington-Rand plan, reprinted it, together with the N.L.R.B.'s analysis of the Mohawk Valley formula, and sent both out to the full membership list.

Of this move Senator La Follette, chairman of the subcommittee on civil liberties of the

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Senate education and labor committee, asked dryly:

> I suppose you would not admit that this is somewhat like making a bottle during prohibition and putting on the label in boldface type, "If you leave this bottle warm and uncorked it will ferment"?

The Community Program

Less than two months after the N.A.M. labor-relations bulletin containing this material appeared, the Little Steel strike was on.

And, just as earlier in the year, in the course of the General Motors strike there had been a Flint Alliance, with all accoutrements including a streamlined (if in this instance unsuccessful), back-to-work movement, so there was now, in June, a Canton, Ohio, Citizens' Law and Order League, a Warren, Ohio, John Q. Public League, and, among others, a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Citizens' Committee, with, in late June and July, an attempt to form a Citizens' National Committee.

The spontaneity of the organization of the Johnstown Citizens' Committee, highly featured in the N.A.M. report on the Johnstown strike, may be judged on the basis of the fact that, from June 11, when the strike began, up to the time a national publicity and fund-raising expert was called in on June 21, a total of somewhat less than $25,300 had been collected by the Citizens' Committee, of which $25,000 were donated by the Bethlehem Steel Co., against which the strike was being conducted. The steel company also paid for $5,300.33 worth of tear gas delivered to Mayor Daniel J. Shields of Johnstown to help him preserve law and order.

We see then how, with the assistance of the manufacturer, the third party in industrial strife, as the N.A.M. called the public in an unsigned pamphlet of which 7,500 copies were printed and distributed, was brought into existence — with the not inconsiderable aid of the company involved in the strike.

But though, by means of variously titled citizens' committees, employers were able to break the strikes in Little Steel in the early summer months of 1937, they and the National Association of Manufacturers, were evidently dissatisfied with the atmosphere of emergency in which these committees had had to be organized and with the rapidity with which they disintegrated once the immediate cause for their existence — the strike — had been settled.

Recently, therefore, the N.A.M. has turned its energies toward setting up community programs of a more permanent nature.

Such a program itself, as outlined in some detail immediately below, may appear harmless enough.

It includes, among others, the following points:

1. Selection of a special committee on public information, chosen from among representative citizens known to be interested in the subject and having good contacts for raising funds.

2. Laying the plans before others at an evening meeting or dinner. *If an N.A.M. representative has been consulted, he should be present.*

3. Hiring of a public-relations director, preferably a former newspaperman who is also familiar with publicity methods. It is best that he be young enough to stand physically the strain of considerable activity.

4. Possible activities.

Newspapers. The *Prosperity Dwells Where Harmony Reigns* ads; stories on re-employment in industry, on payrolls (if they are on the increase), on taxes, on the service of industry to the entire community. Development of stories on the local growth of industry and the spectacular rise of executives from shop to manager; stories issued by individual plants telling of increased employment in particular plants, of new inventions, and of the fact that they do not decrease employment. Publishers and editors to be invited to luncheons occasionally.

Radio. Local stations should be pressed to use N.A.M. programs available to them free of charge; one local station might carry a series describing various of the community's industries; another might carry speeches by representative citizens telling of the importance of industry in community life.

Speakers corps. Both local and prominent out-of-town speakers should be used. They should address foreign-language groups, civic clubs, negro clubs, etc.

Schools. School libraries should be supplied with material presenting industry's viewpoints; speakers should address student assemblies on the same subject. Free use of N.A.M. moving pictures and slide films should be encouraged, and essay contests on "What

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Industry Means to ——— " should be sponsored.

EMPLOYERS-EMPLOYEES. Have open hours in the factories so that the children can see where Dad works and what he does; organize foremen's or superintendents' clubs, with regular meetings, including speakers and entertainment; go to workers with facts presented in leaflets, posters, slide films (N.A.M. material available), etc.

A POLITICAL WEAPON

BY NO MEANS a complete outline, the above will suggest the coverage of the N.A.M. community program.

All to the good, the reader may say. Who could object?

But glance at this, the letter which went out with the first draft of the program and which, for what should be obvious reasons, was omitted from the final mailing to 30,000 industrialists and employers' organizations.

> Now, more than ever before, strikes are being won or lost in the newspapers and over the radio. The swing of public opinion has always been a major factor in labor disputes, but with the settlement of strikes being thrown more and more into the laps of public officials, the question of public opinion becomes of greater importance. For it is public opinion — what the voters think — that moves those elected to action along one course or another. . . .
>
> Machinery should be set up in every community to cope with the issue of unscrupulous unionism and radicalism, both in its immediate aspects and long-range possibilities. . . . This outline is designed as a continuing, long-range community program.

There is another salient point in the description of this program. The N.A.M., as previously indicated, has continually denied having assisted in the setting up of citizens' committees or other forms of back-to-work movements — as it has denied advocating the use of spies or tear gas in industrial strife.

But here, in the case of its community programs, latest wrinkle in public relations, it suggests the active collaboration of an N.A.M. representative with those setting up the program, thus admittedly passing from the field of pure information to that of local organizational activity.

Such a representative was indeed the main force behind the foundation of the Richmond, Indiana, Public Relations Committee, an example of an N.A.M. community program. Besides setting up the Richmond committee, providing that group with a public-relations director, and entering into voluminous correspondence with him as to procedure (as well as returning to Richmond some months later to render additional services), the N.A.M.'s representative visited a half dozen other cities in the locality where the field looked promising.

A second N.A.M. employee, following up after the pioneer work of his immediate predecessor, wrote from the field to the main office on December 15, last, as follows (italics mine):

> Your idea of simultaneous programs in other cities is excellent and we share your anxiety to get such programs started. . . . You well understand that Community Programs are, after all, a function of the desire on the part of local manufacturers *and this desire must be stimulated.*

If not scotched in advance, it is hard to say just what form the stimulation of these programs may take — programs which would dominate the economic, social, and cultural life of the inhabitants of entire cities. But, should the National Association of Manufacturers and the 35,000 manufacturers affiliated with it through the National Industrial Council be successful in putting over this community program, one cannot escape a specific conclusion. This subtle organization of public opinion, the opinion of the "third party," translated into political terms would become a machine. In its scope it would far transcend any political setup now on the American scene. As election day approached, the backers of such a program could and would, with little difficulty (since the complete apparatus would already be to hand), swing it into the political arena in support of the candidate of big business, a candidate who, it need hardly be said, would be the candidate of neither labor nor that much courted third party.

"I know nothing about the State of Utah. What I *do* know something about is the state of industry."

To be published:
"Higher Taxes on Small Incomes,"
by John Forsythe

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They Read by Hand and Ear

by **F. FRASER BOND**

A RECENT NEWS story in the New York papers told of the discovery in a school for blind children of youngsters who took Braille books to bed with them and read far into the night, their hands moving rapidly over the raised type, all safely hidden under the sheets. The story ended with the report that, although the youngsters were sent to bed to sleep and not to read, still the books available in Braille were so uplifting and wholesome that no punishment followed the discovery of these nocturnal exploits.

Reading this account, the occasional seeing person may have asked: Do blind individuals have to read not what they want to read but what some fussy committee considers uplifting and wholesome? Is the blind reader who goes to the library for a detective story sent home disgruntled with the Book of Job?

We asked this question of the Department for the Blind in the New York Public Library; we asked it of the Braille Institute of America; we asked it of the American Foundation for the Blind, which sponsors the famous talking books. From all these authorities came the same answer: No, not nowadays; some years ago, perhaps, but not any more.

Not completely satisfied with this reply, we looked over the type of thing being turned out for those who are without sight in the United Kingdom and discovered that there the rule seems to be to supply blind readers with books that they want to read, regardless of cut-and-dried notions of what is appropriate or wholesome.

What, then, do the blind wish to read? How do they read, and how are their reading tastes satisfied or left unsatisfied at the present moment?

BRAILLE AND TALKING BOOKS

THE "HOW" FINDS a ready answer. They read by hand and ear. That is, they make use of one of the several forms of raised or dotted type or of that most recent contribution of science to the sightless called the talking book.

Since 1829, when the Frenchman, Louis Braille, himself without sight from childhood, invented the system of raised dots which bears his name, the blind of all countries which boast an alphabet have had at their finger tips a medium in which they can both read and write. The Braille alphabet consists of varying combinations in a cell of six raised dots, and those who lose their sight in childhood master this with little difficulty and learn to read by it with facility and pleasure. Those who become blind in adult life, at a time when their fingers lack sensitiveness of touch, have a much more difficult task.

The reader's pace depends both on the keenness of his intelligence and on the agility of his hands. The average rate lies between 80 and 100 words per minute. A highly practiced Braille reader covers the ground more quickly. For instance, a blind minister in Oklahoma thinks he is lying down on his job unless he gets through 350 volumes in Braille each year — almost one volume a day.

The number of volumes, of course, does not correspond to the number of titles — or books — as books in Braille are bulky affairs. *Gone With the Wind*, for instance, takes up no less than twelve volumes, each the size of the Manhattan telephone directory. A "pocket" dictionary in Braille runs to four hefty tomes. Fortunately for blind housewives, a cookbook in Braille is issued in one volume, but even this takes up as much room as several stacks of plates on the pantry shelf.

The ablest finger readers start in childhood; those who go blind in later life sympathize with the old dog who takes none too readily to new tricks. Often they stumble over the simplest embossed type and find that the effort

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involved outweighs any pleasure they may get from their reading. For these individuals — and they number 75 per cent of the 130,000 sightless people in the United States — the inventive genius of our age has created the talking book, which consists of electrically recorded discs onto which trained readers with stage and radio experience have read novels, short stories, poetry, biography, drama, or books of general literature.

The reading machine which plays the talking book has all the compactness of a small suitcase. When opened up, it resembles a portable phonograph with a slowly revolving turntable. All its mechanism has been devised so that it can be easily manipulated. Blind listeners can regulate for themselves the speed at which they want their book read to them and even vary the volume of the voice which comes to them from the discs. If they wish to read their book without disturbing others in the room, they have but to adjust their earphones, and that adjustment automatically shuts off the loudspeaker. The titles on the talking-book discs appear on one side in Braille and on the other in ordinary printing. These reading machines have their own radio set *en suite*, and Braille directions help the groping fingers find the various stations.

The average book requires twelve to fifteen double-sided twelve-inch discs for its recording, and, as each disc plays for half an hour, such a book runs from six to seven and one half hours of reading time. The talking book is only some three years old and, being young, improves with each fresh volume. Recently, the American Foundation for the Blind announced a program whereby sightless "readers" of the talking books may hear the voice of leading contemporary authors reading at least part of their own works onto the records. The rest of the volume is then picked up and carried on to its conclusion by regular readers. Alexander Woollcott, John H. Finley, Raymond L. Ditmars, and Harry Emerson Fosdick are authors whose voices the blind "readers" can now hear and, by that hearing, gain a hint of the writer's personality.

Volumes which make full use of their range as sound books are Albert R. Brands's *Wild Birds of America* and Stephen Vincent Benét's long narrative poem, *John Brown's Body*. In the former, 31 wild birds chirp and twitter and sing on the discs side by side with spoken descriptions of their habits and habitats. In the Benét book, 5 voices, in addition to that of the author, take up the various divisions; and incidental sounds — Civil War songs, the roll of drums, the call of bugles — enliven the various episodes.

What the Blind Read

When we come to the question of what the blind read, the answer naturally is far less specific.

Lucy A. Goldthwaite, the able librarian for the blind in the New York Public Library, points out the fact that blindness is no respecter of persons or of occupations:

> Those who are blind form a cross-section of the general reading public, and it follows that this cross-section has for the most part the same literary tastes as any other cross-section would have.

From her wide experience she knows that blind people want to read what sighted people want to read. They have the keenest interest in those contemporary books which make the greatest stir.

Can they get them?

Not as often as they would like.

Although there is a growing tendency among publishers to release copyrights of contemporary successes to the Braille and talking-book sponsors, it is often months and years before such titles can reach blind readers who are waiting for them. The publication for the blind of the same books which their sighted friends are reading is still an exception. Among the exceptions are *Gone With the Wind*, which is as popular in Braille as in inkprint, and Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock*, which came out in raised type almost simultaneously with its appearance in the bookshops. So did *The Epic of America* and *Only Yesterday*.

Recently, the Braille Institute of America, at its headquarters in Los Angeles, made a survey of the literary tastes of its clients. In this connection, we should remember again Miss Goldthwaite's dictum, that the blind are not a peculiar group but are individuals even as you and I. The survey, which was a study of the kinds of books most read by Braille readers utilizing the Braille Institute library over a period of almost four years, is summarized thus as to preferences:

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Classification	*Per Cent*
Fiction	17.9
History	9.9
Natural Science	9.6
Philosophy	8.7
Religion	8.6
Travel	7.9
Biography	7.8
Literature	6.9
Sociology	6.8
Useful Arts	6.0
General	5.9
Fine Arts	4.0

In all, some 5,000 titles in Braille await the finger reader, and to date about 200 talking books serve those who read by ear. To these we may add many of the titles turned out in both media in Great Britain, as an international understanding now operates to prevent needless duplications in this limited field.

Who chooses the titles? Who decrees what sightless individuals may or may not read?

In former years, well-meaning groups dominated by special interests or by a particular *ism* raised money to have books along their cherished lines published for the blind. For a time, religious books, theosophical books, and the like weighed down the library shelves.

Today the arbiters of taste sit on those governmental committees which have to do with the affairs of the Library of Congress. Annual appropriations are voted by Congress for literature for the adult blind, and it is the Library of Congress which, for the most part, ordains what shall be read, both in Braille and on the talking books. While this system is a vast improvement on the more or less haphazard systems which preceded it, it results in a far more conservative selection here than that made, for instance, in the United Kingdom.

The guiding idea of the Library of Congress officials is to choose only titles which appear significant. They argue that the cost involved per volume is too great to squander on the ephemeral. They therefore proceed, in advance of posterity, to winnow the grain from the chaff. The English authorities, on the other hand, work on the presumption that the contemporary books, be they chaff or grain, which interest the contemporary seeing public will also interest the contemporary public that happens to be without sight.

An illustration of our native method is provided by a recent list ordained by the Library of Congress, to be translated from the inkprint form into sound as talking books: *The Adams Family*, by James Truslow Adams; *Galapagos: World's End*, by William Beebe; *Bible and Spade, an Introduction to Biblical Archaeology*, by Stephen L. Caiger; *These Amazing Electrons*, by Raymond F. Yates; *The Sketch Book*, by Irving; *Tales from a Way-Side Inn*, by Longfellow; and Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*.

Compare with this the corresponding talking-book list released in England. *Holy Deadlock*, by A. P. Herbert; *I Write as I Please*, by Walter Duranty; *Gaudy Night*, by Dorothy L. Sayers; *British Agent*, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart; *The World Since the War*, by Stephen King-Hall; *The Informer*, by Liam O'Flaherty; *Cities of Refuge*, by Sir Philip Gibbs; *Forbidden Journey*, by Ella Maillart.

Sound vs. Touch and Sight

With the coming of the talking book came also an inevitable query: Will sound supercede touch as the leading medium for blind readers?

Miss Goldthwaite, who is one of the outstanding authorities in this whole field, has this to say on the subject:

> How far sound may eventually replace touch as a medium of reading, we cannot predict at this moment. Only time can tell. Certainly, as the basis of the education of the young blind and for the deaf-blind, there would seem no substitute for touch. For all those who prefer silent reading, Braille collections must be maintained. Also, it may be possible that adults who begin by listening to the spoken books may become interested in taking up Braille. Such adults will prove apt pupils, for they will be volunteers, not conscripted through grim necessity.

Incidentally, the talking book has already been perfected to such an extent that inkprint publishers have begun to view it with alarm. As it happens, the talking book is strictly reserved for the use of the blind. There is always the possibility, of course, that in time this service will be extended to the aged, the near-sighted, and those with such poor vision that they read with difficulty. That time, however, is not yet. Publishers who withhold copyright permissions through fear of talking-book competition would seem to be unduly apprehensive, with the result that the blind are frequently deprived of informative and imaginative works which would do much to lighten their hours of darkness.

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Darrow, Friendly Enemy

Clarence Darrow

by

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

PREJUDICE IS one of the meanest traits of human nature; religious prejudice is worst of all. An honest confession, they say, is good for the soul. If so, it ought to be a good beginning for a tribute.

If there was any man in the United States whom I abhorred it was Clarence Darrow. His views and mine always differed. All the criminals whom I *knew* ought to be hanged he had cleared or got off with long prison terms. The folk I thought a menace to society he championed. I was deeply prejudiced against him.

One day a wire came from the temperance forces of Ohio, asking if I would meet Clarence Darrow in a debate on prohibition. I wanted to get at him and accepted at once.

We met in a hotel. I recognized Darrow by his pictures. Unintroduced, I accosted him and gave him my name. We at once walked into the dining room to breakfast together. I saw no horns. I saw instead the face of one of the most genial, lovable, friendly, frank men our nation ever produced. We did not conceal any of our differences, but each listened tolerantly to the other's views. We spent nearly three hours at that table, and before the debate came that night I dreaded having to attack my opponent, for I was learning to admire him.

All my prejudice against him for defending men's lives melted away when I heard him discuss capital punishment. I did not agree with him on the futility of hanging. But he believed that hanging is wrong, that the state has no more right to take a human life than you or I. Therefore, he was not inconsistent when he made a fight for even the worst criminal — not to clear him, not to circumvent the law, but to save a human life.

That night before a vast throng the battle royal was waged. I saw the other side of Darrow: the fighter. I took his personal thrusts. I was classified among the reformers who had never done any good but "curse the earth." The modest Methodist Building where I lived and had my office he referred to as the Methodist Vatican. The prohibitionists became "the long-haired men and the short-haired women." I found that Darrow in action was one man and Darrow in friendly intercourse another. I liked him in both — heart-warming in friendship and interesting in fight.

The debate over, I introduced him to my wife. He said to her, "Your husband debates like a gentleman. If I had known you were here, I wouldn't have been such a ruffian."

When the time came to settle fees and expenses, my share proved small, and Darrow came to my rescue as if he had been a partisan

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of mine, insisting that I should have as much as he. I explained to the manager that I was on a salary and really did not deserve the fees, that expense was all I could justly claim; but the generous Darrow insisted that I ought to have a greater amount. I didn't take it or get it but I had a glimpse of Darrow's generosity toward his opponents. He has won many a law case by that trait.

After that memorable night, Darrow and I were opponents in 46 debates in as many cities and in about 30 States. We crossed the continent together and returned as good friends as when we started.

Once, at Portland, Oregon, after a heated two-hour set-to, we left to board a night train. Portland was the home of my wife's relatives, and they all came down with their children to see us off. I thought it would be nice to introduce Darrow to our family group. When I did so, he looked up in a quizzical way and remarked, "I knew you packed the house on me tonight."

A Christian Gentleman

Debates such as those between Darrow and me are broadening to the debaters and equally salutary for the hearers. The American nation is governed by a comparison of opinions. The acid test of real culture and patriotism is the ability to think and let think. We must get away from the notion that you have to agree with me to be agreeable. A gentleman can be agreeable to people with whom he differs. We haven't an American citizen more agreeable to his opponents than was Clarence Darrow. If kindliness and brotherliness, square dealing, fair treatment, doing unto others as you would have them do to you are Christian traits, then Darrow had the Christian characteristics without a Christian creed.

One evening he and I were members of a party of sixteen who met in the home of the Editor of The Forum to discuss religion and morality — whether religion is necessary for the promotion of morality.

At a fairly late hour, the writer became quite aggressive in his insistence on the notion that without the fatherhood of God there is no brotherhood of man, without the sense of brotherhood, no morality that will hold up in the stress of temptation or personal interest. As I recall it, I was attempting to show the reasonableness of Christian doctrine by illustrating the Trinity as a law of the universe: Man is a trinity — body, soul, and spirit; his mind is a trinity — intellect, sensibility, and will; the world is a trinity — mineral, vegetable, and animal. The sunshine is a daily sermon on the trinity; and all that the sun does for us it does through light and heat, so that the sun (the source), the light forever streaming from it, and the heat proceeding from it are a trinity in unity. I went on in this vein at some length.

Suddenly Darrow broke in on the whole company and said, "This man is going to invite us all up to the penitent form if we let him run on like this; I move we adjourn" — and the whole argument ended with a laugh.

Darrow always knew how to take care of his cause, sometimes with an argument, sometimes a bit of philosophy, sometimes a witticism; but he was lovable as a friend, affable as an acquaintance, open-minded as a student, and sincere in all his convictions. The people who hated him were those who did not know him; the people who loved him were those who knew him best.

In addressing a Methodist conference before his death, I let my heart speak about my acquaintance with the man and said, "I'd like to know that in the House of Many Mansions I could spend my first million years living right next door to the Darrows; with my mother and father on one side, I'd like to know the Darrows were to be on the other."

When Darrow saw a reference to this, he remarked, "Well, I guess Wilson hasn't any more information on that than I, but it would be pleasant, and I hope he is a better guesser than I am."

Darrow and Religion

Most people who heard Darrow denouncing religion imagined him prejudiced and narrow. They were mistaken.

One morning we were taking breakfast on the train from Baltimore to Philadelphia, having debated the night before, bound for another debate that evening.

Darrow ordered his breakfast and, pushing the card back, inquired, "Dr. Wilson, what do you think of the first chapter of Genesis?"

I replied: "I think Genesis, the first chapter, is the greatest poem that was ever written in

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any language on the earth. It lodges its main thought in the human mind better than any poem ever registered a thought. It is a series of seven pictures of how things came to be; it puts God at the head of His creation. Its central thought, 'In the beginning, God,' has been written more indelibly upon the human mind than any other poem ever wrote a thought. If our translation had put those parallel statements into lines, as the Psalms and some of the prophetic passages have been printed in the Revised Version, we would have saved all that silly controversy about whether that chapter is a geological treatise."

Surprisingly, Darrow, instead of being shocked or amused by this statement, agreed with me and added, "Yes, and it is perfectly amazing how nearly complete the parallel is between this chapter and the latest findings of geologists. There is scarcely any difference in the order of development traced by geology and the order of creation stated by Moses. As far as I know, there is only one slip in it — where it puts light before the sun. That, of course, is a slip, but it is not to be wondered at — written in that early age."

"Mr. Darrow," I said, "isn't it amazing that you and I read the same chapter and admire its poetry and its pictures but you select a statement as an error or a slip and I have fixed upon that as the supreme stroke of genius in the entire poem? Go to any astronomer and ask him to turn his telescope upon that most luminous patch of light in the Milky Way, and the lens will not resolve it into an orb but into a luminous patch of fire mist in the process of cooling and making an orb. There it is, a world in the building, but the light came first, and the body, which is to be an orb by process of cooling, was second. And there we have demonstrated before our eyes that that old prophet was right. The light comes first. It was light before the sun was formed."

Darrow declared: "I believe you are right about that. I'll never make that mistake again." He had his mind open for light from any source.

This open-mindedness I have learned greatly to admire — but, knowing him as I did, I can imagine what he might have said if in answer to his question I had replied, "That chapter is the inspired and inerrant word of God on the subject of world building."

He would probably have said in disgust, "It's all d—— nonsense."

Darrow's creed and mine differed. He was an agnostic, while I am a believer; but I have never known any human being with whom I loved to discuss religion more than with Clarence Darrow.

One of the most interesting conversations I ever had with him on this subject took place one night at his home. I was having such a good time that I wanted to spend the entire evening there but finally said, "I must go now; I am due to address a holiness convention."

Darrow looked up and inquired, "Doctor, just what do you mean by a holiness convention?"

"Well," I said, "down here in South Chicago there is an evangelistic institute that trains missionaries and Christian workers, and they invited into their school for this week's convention the holiness people of the country. Holiness is simply the word wholeness contracted. These people believe that the great fault of Christians is not that they fail to hit the mark every time but that they do not even put their standards high enough and that we ought to teach and preach and try to live up to the highest New Testament standard of experience and life; that Christianity ought to be nothing with us or all; that, if it is as important as we say it is, we ought to give everything we are and have to it, we ought to love God with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength and our neighbor as ourselves — in other words, a whole consecration and not a partial one. And this wholeness or completeness is contracted into holiness. It is insistence on a completely given-up life to the service of Christ."

"Well," said Mr. Darrow, "if I were a Christian at all, that's the kind of Christian I would want to be."

The Blessed Sense of Humor

When we were in Canada and happened to drive through a really prosperous town, with paved streets and beautiful homes and thriving business places, Darrow would turn to me and exclaim with mock seriousness, "Now, here is a prohibition town! Look, it's prosperous!"

The next building we passed would generally be the government liquor store, flanked by

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bootleg establishments underselling it and selling after hours, proving to me, if not to Mr. Darrow, that the prosperity was in spite of the liquor.

He enjoyed a joke on me.

Once traveling from Ottawa to Toronto, we drove through a number of quiet settlements, and I remarked that there didn't seem to be much business going on.

The Darrows remembered what I had strangely forgotten: it was Sunday. Mr. Darrow said he thought he would sing me some hymns to refresh my memory.

One of the things I always noted in my association with Darrow was his restraint in eating. I think he despised a gourmand fully as much as I do a drunkard or a drunkard-maker, and one of the things he never could forgive in a certain statesman was his rather excessive eating habits. Incidentally, Darrow himself, making no profession of temperance, was throughout his life very abstemious in drinking as well as in eating.

A mystery to me, who had never worked out a cross-word puzzle in my life and wondered what there was to it, was the way Darrow could forget the scenery and the conversation as we traveled in our car. He sat at the right on the front seat working crossword puzzles day after day and getting a great kick out of it. Once he needed a four-letter word meaning a place of damnation. He looked at me with a quizzical expression and remarked, "Now, Doctor, here is a word you never would have been able to think of — h–e–l–l."

There are lots of purely imaginary characteristics which people somehow come to attribute to prominent persons. For example, it used to be said that Mr. Darrow dressed slouchily. The fact is that I have gone on a platform in ready-made clothes that cost $39, while beside me stood Darrow in a tailor-made suit, from the best tailor in Chicago, that cost him $100 or more (its selection supervised by his particular and painstaking wife) —and yet the newspapers next day reported:

> Dr. Wilson appeared spic and span as if just from the tailor and Mr. Darrow came with hair disheveled and trousers bagging at the knee.

I had never thought of such a thing, but Mrs. Darrow had had her husband's clothes pressed to perfection just before that appearance.

When the Loeb-Leopold trial was in progress the newspapers ran this sort of thing about Darrow day by day until they brought Mrs. Darrow to tears. Finally she insisted he must do something about it.

So he called the whole group of newspapermen together and lectured them: "Now, boys, you are annoying Mrs. Darrow about this matter of my clothes. I have got a better suit on than any of you fellows wear or can afford. The difference is that you fellows take your clothes off before you go to bed at night."

Of course, this left them free to make plain their earnest belief that he slept in his — which, delighted, they did. Once get a good story started, and it cannot be stopped. It doesn't require any facts back of it.

A Life of Service

When Darrow went to Detroit to take the case of Dr. Sweet — a negro who had moved into a white neighborhood and, compelled to defend his home from a mob, was now scheduled to die for killing a white man — Darrow believed so much in the righteousness of his cause that he was as irresistible as a prophet of old.

When he defended in the Loeb-Leopold case in Chicago and the facts were all against him, he had the two boys change their plea from *not guilty* to *guilty*. This was one of the most critical situations of his life. The defendants' parents were overwhelmed at the suggestion; the boys were rebellious; but Darrow insisted there was nothing else for them to do but throw themselves on the mercy of the court, while he stated the case against capital punishment. He won their lives against the most fearful odds and showed himself to be a master strategist and the greatest pleader that has stood before an American court in the annals of the Republic.

Irresistible in his appeals, Darrow never had a client hanged in all the terrible list of desperate cases he tried and never really lost a case in 50 years as a trial lawyer. I believe this record was compiled through consummate professional ability, utmost concentration on each task, giving heart and soul to every client. Before Darrow was through with a case, he spread the contagion of sympathy (even love) for his client to the judge, to the jury, to the witnesses, and to the mob that always crowded the courtroom. He created an atmosphere in which his man could not be convicted.

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Most men who serve others are misunderstood (even as Jesus was) by those they help and envied and hated by those who look on. Darrow was an exception. For example, he always served the negro. His father had one of the "underground" stations in the days of slavery. John Brown stopped there once with some runaway slaves and said to the little boy who helped feed them, "My son, always help the colored man; he has so few friends he can't afford to lose two; so let him count on you and me." Darrow remembered that, and was eternally rewarded for remembering it with the gratitude of the colored people.

Visiting Darrow in his home, I noticed that the best and latest books were strewn around his table and packed in every available space. Among them would always be a good sprinkling of religious books, not forgetting the Bible. There was, indeed, no great difference between the appearance of his workroom and that of a Methodist bishop I used to call on.

Darrow had a wife's devotion, a son's loyalty, and unmixed adoration from his grandchildren. These testified to his character as clearly as his winning celebrated cases for 50 years, drawing public acclaim, and gaining the love of a downtrodden race. The home test is best. If a man has a happy home where love abounds, he can close the door, shut out the universe, and never miss it. Darrow could have.

In the course of my debates with Darrow, no one ever accused me of picking an easy man to contend with. He had convictions and defended them strongly against all comers. No cause that was committed to his hands ever suffered from betrayal, neglect, or poor sponsorship.

In our prohibition fight, his cause won — mine lost. But he later wrote me a letter in which he said:

> This *rain* of rum is not what I was contending for. I didn't want the government to try to make men moral or sober by law. But I am just as much opposed to making all the population drunk by social pressure. It seems to me that everybody is drinking now. Liquor is everywhere.

Where he was wrong, he acknowledged it. That is the acid test of sincerity.

Now Clarence Darrow is dead. The world is lonesome. I loved him as I did my father and brothers. My close association with him taught me to respect him, admire his personality, and enjoy his companionship. He was the greatest criminal lawyer of our age, the most colorful personality we have known since Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan have gone. More than that, he was a true man.

Barbed Wire Gates

The gates I open cannot swing,
They are barbed wire and no one knows,
Who sees me lift and fasten them,
How hard they are to close.

For every gate I have let down
I must close two, now you have passed,
A gate for you, a gate for me,
With barbed wire twisted fast.

I will be closing gates for you
So far away you cannot tell
If I am there at all or if
The gates are fastened well.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril

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Are Men Mice?

(Answered Yes and No)

I — Yes; But How Did We Get That Way?

***by* ALFRED UHLER**

I WAS BORN a man-child. I couldn't help it and somehow I'm glad of it.

I like women. I have always liked them. Nothing that they can do or say will undermine my strong conviction that they add immeasurably to my enjoyment of life. No sobbing in a minor key about the mother waiting for her wandering boy in her little gray home in the west will destroy my illusion that a woman is a fine product of evolution. At 18 she is overpowering; at 25, delightful, if somewhat academic; at 30 she radiates a mysterious charm; and at 40 she is either a flop or a finality. But I like her best when she sticks to being a woman and doesn't attempt to take from me the things I can do best.

I have my pride. There are certain things that I alone can do.

For instance, I claim no credit for my biological functions; I only state that in the matter of children I am necessary. No woman can take over my prerogatives here.

Then I lay claim to a sort of lumbering logic, which allows me to see the horse before the cart. Nine times out of ten, it is my eye which eventually sees that the reason the car won't go up the hill is because the brake is jammed on hard. It is my hand that finally extricates the fourteen hairpins that have clogged up the drain for a week. I can also add up the figures in the checkbook better than she can. The fact that this recreation sometimes causes me perceptible pain does not stop me from arriving finally at the correct minus figure.

That I can successfully administer the bottle to the baby is just a by-product of my determination to be heard or felt somewhere, and for this technique I claim no credit. Also I can cook and, ably seconded by the trustworthy bottle of Worcestershire sauce, have been known to create flavors never before tasted by man. I do this rather unwillingly, however, as I have never found that it stirs me very profoundly. On occasions I am an agile dishwasher, and have been known to work my way through a cubic yard of diapers in record time. I rather feel that this is not cricket and have never attempted to push my claims in these fields. On request I will, however, relinquish my aloof attitude.

The woman has a disagreeable time of it also, if she cannot persuade me to take her out in the evening. Here I sense my power. A wise withholding of this service, which I alone can offer, has done a great deal to add to my waning confidence. Without me, she proclaims herself a bold woman and, although sometimes this may actually be the case, she hates to admit it. I hold her by the fetters of my broadcloth evening clothes or the shiny warp of my last year's blue serge.

Most men I find rather tiresome. I have tried evenings at the club, college reunions, foursomes at golf and I find them wanting.

When men get together, they always practice a ritual from which they can never seem to escape, even in their cups. First of all, there is the formality of the droll story to be gone through. At the words *Have you heard this one?* a silence descends on the gathering. All the heads draw close together in a mock spirit of intimacy while the storyteller spins his new variation on the exhaustless theme of sex, after which the hoarse laugh echoes through the

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locker room. As the next man takes up another variation on the same theme, the same ritual is repeated.

The women are now joining in this game, and, while they lend a little vicarious excitement to a dull affair, I somehow wish they would leave us alone to our autoeroticism. This is eminently a male field.

Let's Grow Up!

In America today the woman sits in the saddle. To do this, she has accentuated her male characteristics. Her man is usually a muscular, inoffensive person who asks no more from the gods than the ability to make enough cash to keep her calm. She mothers him and secretly looks on him as a grown-up child. He is so docile, so lacking in excitement that her daydreams are centered about romance. But he is so entranced as he plays with his toys — bushels of wheat and crates of eggs — that he can never be persuaded to leave them for the more serious business of playing house.

As women enter the business world, they attempt to carry their mothering instincts with them. Women lawyers find that this sympathy is entirely out of place in the courts of law, where men fight to the death about the meaning of the word *contract* or weep crocodile tears over the placing of a comma between *but* and *as*. Guile is the chief requisite here. In this savage game of logic gone wild, a woman finds her best weapon an illogical one, for there is no man-made logic in sex. A jury made up of the usual emotionally starved American males, she finds, will be more easily persuaded by a properly displayed pair of legs than by the logic of her treble words. She soon perceives that the real reason her beautiful female client has such an easy time with the jury is because of their old mothers back on the farm.

The woman banker finds the going even more difficult. As she enters one of those marble mausoleums to money, she lays aside every womanly quality except common sense. She wanders about in this cold region of arithmetical figures whispering strange words of bonds and offerings and security gained at the cheap price of six per cent. Touch this creature, and she will seem as cold as a bundle of certificates for frosted foods. Only the fishy eye of the male banker is able to see the reason for her existence, and he does not look on her as a woman. She gives up her birthright to engage in this frantic search for her father through the endless metal files and vaults.

On the secretarial plane, the woman is growing warmer. Here she is a more intimate mother to her boss than is his wife. She sees her boy in his great moments of elation and despair. She hears the magnificent ring of triumph in his voice as he proudly stands up and cries, "Sold!" and, "Profit!" She is with him and sees his fearful uncertainty and long backward look before he pallidly whispers, "Bought."

She measures him for collars and pants, orders his lunch of crackers and milk, and reminds him of the hour at which Willie Cashin, of the Mutual Distrust Company, is coming to play with him. She sees him in what is termed a conference with other uncertain males like himself. In this competitive game, she hears with pride his strident tones which rise above the chorus and thrills with him as he carries home the marbles.

She goes with him to conventions, where he returns with zest to his boyhood, alcoholically restored, where the business transacted is of such an exhausting character that he is finally carried prostrate to bed. She can now count her day as done. She is a subtle combination of stenographer, nursemaid, and mother.

We American men are still living in our childhood; we are still playing with our blocks. This was a time of safety, and we still think we want security. In other phases of life we extoll courage and the hero. In our social and family life we really demand the coward. Here we allow no chances to be taken.

Our marital heroes must come home on time every night, ask whether Jack has broken any windows today or whether Jill has been given her cod-liver oil, walk from the dining room to the living room and from the living room to bed. This is the safe ritual, and rebels against these routines are considered dangerous, unhappy men.

Where women are concerned, the American male is as timid as the amoeba. Instead of making the ladies feel so secure, he should show them some of the adventurous spirit that makes him climb mountains, find the North Pole, fly across all the oceans. They won't like it, at first, but in a short while they will sit up and take notice. And before many moons they will love it and decide to be women again.

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II — No; Not If We Can Help It!

by MARGARET FISHBACK

ONE MILITANT woman can drown out a thousand normal females who glory in domineering husbands. The average wife likes to feel sheltered and feminine. She leans enthusiastically on her mate's broad shoulder, in the style to which Mr. Uhler seems so wistfully unaccustomed. Even when she is argumentative and assertive, she secretly hopes her man will be masterful enough to overrule her.

The old Charlot's Revue ballad, so feelingly rendered by Beatrice Lillie, aptly expresses the feminine emotional viewpoint. It goes something like this:

Blue eyes don't fill me with dreams of delight,
Youth never thrilled me with love at first sight.
But he who'll enchant me from now till I die
Is he who can plant me a lovely black eye.
Oh! to be taken unawares,
And kicked down a whole flight of stairs!

Chorus

I want a man to insult me,
To beat me, ill-treat me.
I want a man with some vim and some punch,
Who bruises me at breakfast, and lynches me at lunch.
I want a man who can wrestle,
As catch-as-catch-can as can be —
A regular smiter, a fighter, a biter,
Rough stuff . . . that's me!

That may be a shade overexuberant, but even aggressively self-sufficient women have a sneaking admiration and longing for the genus cave man — with reasonable reservations. And, though Mr. Uhler plaintively asserts that the American husband is a worm in his subservience to domesticity, I've seen plenty that aren't. They *tell* their wives, they don't *ask* them; at most they confer, but the women never dictate.

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A wife wants her man to be masculine, i.e., superior. It is only feminine perversity that prompts her to protest when her lord and master says he is going fishing instead of to Sunday school with his brood. She furtively admires His Highness, even while she vocally contends he is an inconsiderate and unappreciative tramp. She *wants* to be subjugated, and where there's a will there's a way. Preferring despots to doormats, she finds it much more fun to worship than to be worshiped.

The men women impose on are never as satisfying to the romantic feminine soul as the courteous tyrant. True, the conqueror who behaves like a plug-ugly does not attract. Nor are his conquests triumphs. Though he may not know it, a man doesn't have to be a bully to dominate. On the contrary, the most successful husbands are both autocratic and chivalrous. They rule with a firm but gentle hand and are as polite as they are lordly.

Even stubborn, selfish wives enjoy the role of clinging vine. For it's lots pleasanter to twine than to strangle a sturdy oak. The results are healthier and more becoming to both the oak and the vine. I've seen the Little Woman in conference at the grocery store, brooding over the vegetables and muttering incantations to the keeper of the greens concerning her master's stand on spinach. I've watched her in stores, voluptuously fingering an undershirt and swelling with pardonable pride as she confides in a breathless salesclerk the palpitating news that her John prefers a lighter weight, he is so warm-blooded, and haven't they a softer shade of blue, John is *so* conservative.

True, these are all manifestations of her ownership. She is advertising the fact that he is *hers*. But it is a deferential kind of ownership. Her master belongs to her, but she is his vassal. It is all very pleasant and satisfactory, and Mr. Uhler shouldn't be depressed by bellicose female talk. It's just idle chatter. Our hearts are in the right place. It's only our tongues that run wild.

Appearances Are Deceiving

Vastly preferring the married state to single blessedness, women are crafty and tenacious in their pursuit of men. The feminine attitude was neatly expressed by St. Augustine, who said, "Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity." That being the case, it's only natural that women should do the genuflecting.

Besides, how can we women help admiring and deferring to our superiors in "lumbering logic"? How can we fail to be blinded by the brilliance of a man's performance when he extricates the fourteen hairpins that have clogged up the drain for a week? How can we resist the mental giant who balances a checkbook in one hand and the baby's bottle in the other, who on occasion washes dishes and diapers with equanimity. We can't help regarding him as a hero — especially since, when caught off his guard, he looks and acts like a small boy. Men inspire in the female heart a blend of affection, idolatry, passion, and laughter. The sum of the sensations is not unpleasant.

Why do women in the United States spend $150,000,000 on cosmetics annually? Not because they're sorry for the manufacturers, Mr. Uhler. Why do women affect perfume but to please and entice the American male? Don't tell *me* he's a worm, when we go to all that trouble and expense on his account. If it weren't for him, the stores would go quietly out of business.

There is no other female accomplishment that equals marriage, independent career women to the contrary notwithstanding. A career is at best a poor substitute for a happy marriage. Doesn't the popularity of the institution prove woman's slavish devotion to man? She's not simply in hot pursuit of a meal ticket, for she has demonstrated her ability to provide for herself. She longs for a lord and master.

She is only too ready to sacrifice sequins if her man has said, "I hate glittery things. Spangles make you look like the wife of a Coney Island hot-dog vendor. There's nothing like navy blue for a woman." She's flattered that he takes an interest in her clothes. She wants him to admire her looks. She is thrilled when he possessively shows her off to his friends. So, even though she has to banish her favorite color from her wardrobe, she's glad to struggle along without purple for the sake of pleasing the master.

I'll admit she sometimes uses strategy to get what she wants. She may expose her unsuspecting Benedict to a ravishing fashion picture or shop window and subtly change his dogmatic notions so that he will ask her to *buy* a purple dress. But the fact that she employs a

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neat technique instead of bluntly overriding his wishes is just another evidence of her voluntary serfdom. She would much rather coax than command. And, if the savage in her occasionally goes exploring and her man knuckles under to her imperious and captious demands, *she* is the more disappointed party.

Mr. Uhler in his final paragraph intimates that fundamentally women prefer the courageous and adventurous male. So I differ with him only in his estimate of current matrimony, American style.

Now, cross my heart, Mr. Uhler, I know a number of wonderful, powerful men, who drink and swagger and carry on and boast and do as they damn well please. Of course there's such a thing as carrying it too far, and that's unattractive. To demand sportsmanship of a wife and give none in return isn't fair, but we're not discussing the kind of a husband who expects his wife to do the honors alone and entertain *his* relatives and friends while *he* plays golf or buries himself in a good murder. We're considering the decent, average, run-of-the-mill-ers, not the excessively selfish or stupid or intemperate. And among my acquaintances the male mice are happily in the minority. They're the exceptions that p. the r.

I've eavesdropped innocently, during office meetings, on the telephone talk of businessmen to their wives. They give orders just as amiably and confidently as they would to a secretary. They say, "Please," and they're polite, and the average wife is glad to do her mate's bidding and call the cleaner for his suit or run out to the butcher's for another brace of lamb chops to feed the unpremeditated guest.

It's true that men are lovers of peace, and prefer to avoid the minor, annoying conflicts of home life by giving in to occasional crotchets on the part of their helpmeets, rather than argue. Wives are human beings, too, even when violently in love, and allowances should be made for contrary, rebellious moments by every reasonable man. But he needn't step from his pedestal — he can bow from the hips.

And the Little Woman will be so dazzled by her lord's magnanimity that she will kiss his hand — and push him gently back into the driver's seat.

In an early issue:

Sara S. Moser and Mrs. Ralph Borsodi

debating the question

"Is Homemaking Slavery?"

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Forgotten Dollars

by **HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH**

A SAVINGS BANK in Montclair, New Jersey, would like to know the whereabouts of Daniel and Mary O'Donoghue. They have $459 in the bank but they don't seem to care. They made their last deposit in 1926 and then vanished. The bank's communications are returned from their last known address.

What has become of Daniel and Mary? How is it that this thrifty Irish couple, who started so bravely to save for a rainy day, have lost interest in $459? And what ever happened to Pat Connelly, who walked out on $8,000 in the same Montclair bank, the very year that the O'Donoghues disappeared? And what about Luke Peko of Chicken Creek, Alaska, who has $42.17 waiting for him in a bank in San Francisco, and Emil Hansen, who has $3,200 in another San Francisco bank but hasn't been heard from since 1912, and Mrs. Annie E. Murth of Jersey City, who for fourteen years has evinced no interest in $12,000 belonging to her?

Nobody knows.

These individuals are part of the great army of missing depositors whose unclaimed funds are a nuisance to the banks — and a source of interest to other people, including you and me, since there is the possibility that some of the money may be yours or mine. Hundreds of thousands of missing depositors clutter up the records of financial institutions, and the money that is carried on the books in their names is nobody's money. It doesn't belong to the banks. And, unless and until the owner or his heir turns up, it doesn't belong to anybody else either — an absurd situation of which only about one half the States have thus far taken cognizance in their laws.

If you put money in a savings bank or a commercial bank and if you subsequently die or go abroad or change your name or (what is most likely) forget all about your thrifty impulse in the pressure of other business, your deposit will in course of time go to swell the total of nobody's money. It will become a dormant account in 10, 15, or 20 years, according to local laws and regulations.

There is no way of knowing the total number of dormant accounts (called Rip Van Winkle accounts or sleepers), but last summer, when a big drive to locate missing depositors in New York State was launched under the impetus of a new State law, 56,000 names were advertised in New York City alone. Lost depositors turned up in Norway and Africa, in Canada and South America and all points between, representing an accumulation of unclaimed deposits going back 100 years.

How They Get Lost

THE TOTAL of unclaimed funds in American banks is more than $250,000,000. Most of it is in small, unspectacular sums ranging all the way down to a dollar, but part of it is in lumps of considerable size. If you can prove that you are legally entitled to some of it, you will be doing a favor not only to yourself but to the bank as well.

Perhaps Uncle Ezra, who died many years ago, had a nest egg of which the family never knew. This has happened any number of times. Money is a prolific breeder of family squabbles: many an old person has kept a secret hoard in the bank, fearing that if relatives knew of its existence they would refuse any further support. When the owner dies without a will, this type of account becomes dormant.

Or perhaps some relative opened a trust account in your name, in the mood of enthusiasm which greeted your birth, then died or forgot it. One savings bank recently found a girl who had $1,000 coming to her. Her father and grandfather had each opened an account for her when she was born. But long before she was of age they were both dead, and she never knew of the money until the bank succeeded in tracing her.

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A great many missing depositors are merely absent-minded. Most of us say, "Oh, I'd never forget money." But the truth is that you probably could and would and possibly have.

Last summer when column after column of depositors' names appeared in New York papers, one lady looked at the list to see if her sister, who had long since married and gone to live abroad, was among those sought. "Sister was always so rattle-headed," she observed, "it would be just like her to forget a bank account."

It turned out that the sister hadn't forgotten, but the lady who did the looking found her own name on the list!

Dozens of other causes can operate to drop a bank account into limbo.

A savings bank will start a drive for new depositors, and it will send a salesman around. Perhaps you yield to him, thinking it would be a good idea to have another account. You hand over $10 but you neglect to use the account and soon forget it entirely.

Old people will put aside money for their burial and die without telling anybody about it.

When a bank fails, great numbers of people take it for granted that all their money is lost and never even bother to make inquiries, when the fact is that there is usually so much on the dollar coming to each depositor and sometimes, if there has been a reorganization, he may get all or nearly all his money back.

Because of this unfortunate, even tragic, ignorance, the total unclaimed funds in several States leaped up by the millions after the series of bank crashes which shook the country in the early 1930's. A million and a quarter dollars were still unclaimed in 4 Ohio banks more than a year after the failures, while in Detroit at about the same time more than $3,000,000 remained in 2 closed banks alone. The receivers of the Detroit banks issued a statement pointing out that 50,000 small depositors had failed to realize that they were entitled to 100-per-cent payment, while many large depositors who had 68 per cent coming to them were equally ignorant of the fact.

The Society for This, That, or the Other gets a little money in the treasury and then blows up, leaving $13.66 in dues banked to the credit of an organization which no longer exists.

Banks in big financial centers often have smaller banks among their clients, and sometimes these smaller banks actually turn up missing!

One trust company advertised, among depositors who had not been heard from for upward of fifteen years, an Atlantic Bank of unknown address and a First National Bank of Greenville — State unknown. These banks and some thirteen others on the same list failed years ago. The probability is that the not too bright local boys who got appointed receivers, perhaps for political reasons, overlooked some of the assets.

Even cities can be absent-minded. The same trust company just mentioned found itself with dormant accounts in the names of Syracuse, New York; Columbus, Ohio; and Toledo, Ohio. The explanation of this is that municipal governments are sometimes inefficient in the conduct of their affairs.

How They Are Found

Some savings banks spend considerable money and go far beyond what the law requires in their diligent search for the owners of forgotten money. Unclaimed accounts are an expense and a bother, requiring just that much more bookkeeping. Successful efforts to find the owners of the money earn the bank a very solid fund of good will. Besides, savings-bank officers often have a genuinely conscientious attitude toward the funds entrusted to them.

One successful search recently led to an old lady in Newark, New Jersey, who received $700 that was much needed.

The money had belonged to her brother, an Italian music teacher, dead almost 25 years. Unknown to any of his family, he left over $300 in a savings bank. It went on drawing interest for 20 years; after that, under the bank's regulations, the interest accumulation stopped. By that time the original deposit had grown to $735.

Then the bank began an intensive search for the owners of dormant accounts. It set an employee on the trail of the music teacher. He called at the old brownstone house where the teacher had last had a room. No one remembered him any more. But wait — someone recalled vaguely that he had traded with a certain corner grocer. Luckily the grocer was still doing business, remembered that the music teacher had spoken of having a sister in

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Newark. A city directory did the rest. The old lady was found, and the money put to work on medical treatment for her ailing heart.

Strenuous efforts and wide publicity, however, result in the finding of only about twenty per cent of the missing capitalists — even in States which require that the depositor's name (and sometimes the amount credited to him as well) be published in a newspaper or a State banking report or both. And mystery, tragedy, pathos and even a grim humor stand half revealed in these sparse records.

Among the lost depositors there is a certain Catherine Ryan with $53.50 to her account; last entry 1905; last known address the poorhouse.

In the Province of Quebec, where the government lately took legal action to get possession of between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 in unclaimed funds, one bank still credits $550 to the account of Harry P. Stone, deceased. He was shot in 1925 while holding up a bank.

Soldiers and sailors are another regular and rather touching source of forgotten money. In every town that was near an army camp in the World War the banks are still carrying little items of $11.46 and $18.29 for Private This and Corporal That. Their last address being a disbanded service unit, there is little hope of finding them even if they are alive, and there is still less hope of finding 30 assorted veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars whose names are still on one bank's books. Banks in New York and San Francisco, where men left for overseas, tell the most vivid stories of this sort. Mournful echoes sound in such ancient entries as that of Charles Eichenberg, of the U. S. Marine Corps, Marine Barracks, Baracoa, Cuba, and Charles Edwards, of Company C, Fifteenth Infantry, Tientsin, China. But the little sums that they and 100,000 others have left behind foot up to something colossal.

Where the Money Goes

In 1934, the last year in which the annual report of the United States Comptroller of the Currency referred to the item, there were $132,018,000 in unclaimed deposits *in the national banks alone*. The total of all deposits in the national banks amounts to just about half of all the bank deposits in the country.

New York has more than $5,000,000 in unclaimed deposits in its State banks alone. California reports $500,000. Wisconsin reported $700,000 a couple of years ago. Minnesota last year reported $2,000,000. One county in the State of Washington reported $200,000. Massachusetts reports $500,000. Oklahoma was recently concerned with the disposition of $250,000 left in insolvent State banks.

One thing apparent from all this statistical chaos is that good business and good government require more attention to the problem of maverick money. It would seem obvious that the thing to do is to find the owners when possible and, where this can't be done, to dispose of the money for the greatest common good.

Vermont and North Carolina have constructive ideas along this line. In the latter, unclaimed money goes to the University of North Carolina after five years, though the owner can still claim it for another ten years after that. In Vermont, it goes into the general school fund.

Sixteen states have laws providing that, after money has remained unclaimed for a given period — ranging from 5 to 30 years — it shall be taken over for some kind of State use or, in legal language, shall escheat to the State. Most of these laws look after the interests of the missing owner by providing that dormant accounts must be advertised in local newspapers before the State takes them over. Even after that, the owner can still get back his property, in most States.

It is incredible that more than half the States maintain a graveyard silence on the subject of unclaimed deposits. No attempt is made to find the missing owners; nobody even knows where such funds are or what they amount to.

In recent years there has been some agitation in Congress for a federal escheat law which would appropriate to the national treasury the unclaimed deposits in national banks. One source of opposition to such legislation has been the feeling among some bankers that the money should revert to the banks.

However, only one State, Indiana, has incorporated this form of banker sentiment into a law which is better for the bank than it is for the depositor. Under this statute, after one year of inactivity, an account is declared dormant and is thereafter subject to service charges, which eat it away until the bank has got it all.

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If a Comet Hits Us—

by **JOHN J. O'NEILL**

TOWARD THE END of 1937 a cosmic visitor appeared out of the dismal depths of dark celestial space. It was traveling fast when discovered, so fast that it was evidently very close to the earth and coming nearer at a rapid rate. It was a stranger, not traveling on the orbit of any known body. No one knew how big it was. It was discovered by accident, as a line on a photographic plate, while a picture was being made of another heavenly body.

No sooner had astronomers discovered the strange object than they lost it again. They were in the position of a man who saw a rock coming directly at his head and then suddenly went blind.

Here was a highly dramatic situation. An object of unknown nature, of unknown size, was hurtling through space toward the earth either at an unparalleled speed or in unparalleled proximity to our globe. And this knowledge was in the possession of just one man in the whole world — an astronomer in a German observatory.

Did this man flash a world-wide warning that the earth was in danger of collision with a mysterious visitor from space? Did he arouse the radio stations of the world so that they might interrupt their broadcasts to inject an announcement of impending catastrophe? The situation conceivably could have justified such a course.

But the German astronomer did none of these. He sent out a routine notice — at deferred cable rates — to the usual astronomical observatories, announcing that an object had been observed at a given right ascension and declination.

Days passed. Astronomers searched, without success, in all parts of the heavens where they thought the object might be found. What had become of it? Would a crash of terrestrial dimensions, announcing that the object had reached its destination somewhere on the bosom of Mother Earth, answer the question?

If the German astronomer was in a state of suspense, he was justifiably so. The truth of the matter is that the object came closer to the earth than any other similar object since the dawn of history, our moon excepted. This was discovered, however, after the moment of closest approach had passed.

It was later proven that the object came as close as 400,000 miles. This is less than twice the distance of the moon (240,000 miles). It came nearest at noon on October 30, at which time it was lost in the dazzle of the daylight skies, so that it could not have been seen even if it had been as bright as the brilliant Dog Star, Sirius. Thus the 2,000,000,000 inhabitants of the earth were quite ignorant of the presence of the strange visitor.

In order to get a clear picture of how close this object came to us, we should reduce astronomical dimensions to a smaller scale. Let us imagine the sun as a luminous globe a foot in diameter on top of the 1,200-foot tower of the Empire State Building and the earth and the moon each represented by a marble carried by two passengers riding at either end of the rear seat of a limousine moving down Fifth Avenue. The position of the sky wanderer would be represented by a bullet passing through the two front windows of the car.

When all the necessary information was finally assembled, the astronomers established the fact that the body was an asteroid roaming more than 100,000,000 miles from the normal zone of the asteroids. But, on the night that the object was discovered, the chances were about equal that it was a long-period comet not heretofore observed making one of its periodic visits to the sun; that it was an asteroid (minor planet), of which there are more than 1,000 in the solar system; or that it was a giant meteor from outer space that was falling into the sun and moving on a course so near to

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being directly in line with the earth that there was a possibility it would be bent into the more powerful local gravitational field of the earth.

If this last event had taken place and the traveler had struck the earth at a point close to latitude 41 degrees north and longitude 74 degrees west, the afternoon papers throughout the country would have carried huge headlines over some such dispatch as this:

> New York City was destroyed at noon today. Millions of people are dead. It was hit by a roaring, blazing comet that smashed squarely onto Manhattan Island, leaving a giant circular pit where this morning the world's proudest city stood in all of its sky-piercing grandeur.
>
> Airplane observers have radioed that the ocean is pouring into the pit and that the entire metropolitan area around this ten-mile hole has been completely destroyed by the unimaginably terrific earthquake and set afire by the scorching heat rays and incandescent gases that accompanied the comet. There is a circle of fire fifteen miles in diameter including Brooklyn and Jamaica on the east, Yonkers on the north, and Newark on the west. The great cloud of smoke makes it difficult to determine what is taking place within this seething volcano.
>
> All communication with the stricken area is destroyed. Roads within 30 miles of the city have been rendered impassable. The holocaust within is beyond all human control.
>
> Observers in the suburban areas declare that the catastrophe overwhelmed the city in almost the twinkling of an eye. There was practically no warning. A light appeared in the midheavens. It was small at first, like a star almost lost in the dazzle of the noonday sun. It grew larger and brighter with great rapidity and as it did so there came a roar as of a thousand subway trains.
>
> There was a brilliant flash of light of such splendor that it drowned the sun. A fiery mountain was descending on the earth. It was surrounded by a cloud of incandescent vapor. The whole sky filled with flames and tremendous thunder. Then came a terrific earthquake, state the suburban observers, followed by a dense cloud which has made the whole countryside as dark as at midnight.
>
> Millions of people are panic-stricken, fearing that other fiery mountains may fall out of the sky, that the earth is exploding, and that the time of the end of the world has come.

Can It Happen Here?

Is there any possibility of the earth being hit by a giant body from space? The answer is a very positive *yes*. We were hit by a meteor or a comet in the middle of Siberia about ten years ago, and the event can happen again at any time. It has happened millions of times in the past and will in the future.

The earth is becoming dotted with an ever increasing number of large cities, and, the more of them we build, the greater is the probability that one of the future celestial projectiles will land squarely at the intersection of some Broadway and Main Street. The only thing necessary to bring about the consummation of this event is time. Given enough of it, the possibility is changed to a certainty. If there is doubt in anyone's mind, let him look at the moon through a telescope and note the myriads of circular scars completely covering its surface. Each of them marks the spot where a giant meteor struck.

If an asteroid struck New York City, in human history a major catastrophe would have been recorded, but in the physical history of the globe the event would have been one of only minor importance. If the target happened to be an uninhabited area in the Nevada deserts or Idaho mountain fastnesses, all we should know of the event, at least for some time, would be the fact that seismographs throughout the world recorded an earthquake of small magnitude. When such an event actually happened in the middle of Siberia, the outside world knew nothing about it beyond the earthquake record for more than a year. An area three miles in diameter was laid waste, hit by a comet or a meteor not more than a mile or less than a quarter of a mile in diameter — and no one saw it happen.

It may be wondered why the dimensions of the meteoric object that made a hole three miles in diameter are given with an upper limit one third of this diameter. The explanation is simple. It concerns the observed reactions of liquids and plastic substances under impact. If a drop of water falls into a quiet pool, a drop, almost a duplicate of the drop which disappeared, rises out of the water; and around the spot there arises a circular ridge of water with a diameter several times that of the drop which caused the splash. If a bullet is shot into a smooth mass of plastic clay, it does not make a hole in the clay the size of the bullet but a depression several times the diameter of the bullet. A meteor hitting the earth would undoubtedly produce a similar effect, because in

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broad masses even hard rocks are plastic. A meteor a mile in diameter would undoubtedly produce a crater three to five miles across.

The object which paid so close a visit to the earth was not very big, as astronomical objects go. The estimates of the astronomers give it a minimum diameter of a mile and a maximum diameter of 3 miles. If the diameter of the crater produced is 5 times the diameter of the projectile, then the asteroid of the maximum estimated size would produce a crater 15 miles in diameter. Such a crater would have an area of about 180 square miles, which is 3 times the area of Manhattan Island and more than half the area of New York City. If the minimum diameter is taken, then the mile-diameter projectile would make a crater with an area of about 20 square miles. Let us split the difference between the largest and the smallest estimates and assume that if the asteroid struck the earth it would produce a crater with an area of 60 square miles.

What would be the probable loss of life if the crash of an asteroid should produce a crater of this size in our earth?

In New York City, with its 310 square miles and population of 7,000,000, a population density of approximately 20,000 persons per square mile, a 60-mile crater would probably kill 1,200,000 persons.

In Greater London, with its 700 square miles and 8,000,000 inhabitants, an average population density of nearly 12,000 per square mile, the casualties might be estimated at 720,000.

England, with an average population density of 700 per square mile, would probably lose 42,000 citizens, if the spot were chosen at random. This figure holds good for Belgium. For France and Germany, which have population densities of about 200 and 300, respectively, per square mile, the losses would be 12,000 and 18,000. This figure for France holds good for China, but for Japan it would be two and one-half times as large.

The probable casualties in some sparsely populated countries would be: Mexico 1,200, Brazil 900, Argentina 720, Arabia 600, Canada 180, and Australia 120.

There are 3,026,789 square miles in the continental United States, and the population is approximately 130,000,000. If this population were uniformly distributed, each square mile would have a population of 43 persons, and any area of 60 square miles would contain 2,500 persons.

However, our smallest State, Rhode Island, has the greatest density of population among the States, approximately 700 per square mile. At the other extreme is Nevada, which could give each of its inhabitants a square mile of territory. In between we have such figures as Texas 30, California 40, Delaware 125, New York 250, and Massachusetts 500.

Look Out Below!

But what are the chances that a celestial visitor striking the earth would hit the United States?

The earth has an area of about 197,000,000 square miles, of which 139,000,000 are covered with water and 57,000,000 are land. Thus there is a 2 to 1 probability that a random object would strike water.

The chance that the object would land anywhere in the United States is, theoretically, 1 in 65. But it happens that we possess some records of the collisions which actually occurred, so we can check our abstract calculations against the facts.

Meteor craters on the surface of the earth, well authenticated as such, number 4. One is in Western Australia; one in the province of Yenisesk, near the Arctic Circle in central Siberia; one is on the Island of Osel in the Baltic Sea, 175 miles east of Stockholm; and one in the United States, near Flagstaff, Arizona. Thus, while on the basis of relative areas the United States has 1 chance out of 65 of being struck, out of 4 shots it was hit once.

We must make allowances, however, for the fact that we have no record of such events when they occurred in water areas. As the earth's water areas are twice as great as the land areas, there is a probability that there were eight hits in ocean areas. This gives us a larger total, so that our participation becomes one in twelve.

However, there is a likelihood that there are visible craters which have not been dis-

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covered and others that have been covered by later deposits or have been in areas of such rapid erosion that their record has been obliterated. These should reach a total at least as great as that of the known ones, and we may assume that they are randomly distributed outside the United States. This would give the United States 1 out of 24, which is somewhat less than halfway to the 1-in-65 ratio.

But it would still be conservative to count the concealed and obliterated craters at several times the number of known craters — which would change the foregoing total of 24 to 75 or 100. At any rate, both calculations give us figures of the same order of magnitude, which indicates that our calculations on the basis of area are reasonably reliable.

New York City's chance of being hit by a meteor, on the area basis, is 1 out of 630,000. For a crater just to touch the border of the city, however, the chance is increased to 1 out of 280,000.

These figures do not mean much unless we know how frequently giant meteors hit the earth.

The Siberian meteor struck in 1924. The one that struck the Baltic island arrived about 2,000 years ago, according to Dr. Clyde Fisher, Curator of the Department of Astronomy of American Museum of Natural History, who recently explored its several grouped craters. Dr. Fisher also examined the Arizona crater and places the upper and lower limits of its age at 50,000 and 2,000 years. The age of the Australian crater is unknown.

We can take the mean of the minimum and the maximum ages of the Arizona crater and place the event at 24,000 years ago. We can take the liberty of placing the Australian crater's age midway between that of the Arizona and the Baltic. We then have records of meteor craters made 14, 2,000, 13,000, and 24,000 years ago. This gives us an average of one such event every 6,000 years. In our previous calculations we fixed the probable total number of craters at 6 times the unknown number. This would make their probable frequency 1 every 1,000 years.

The probable age of the earth is 2,000,000,000 years. If comets, meteors, and other careless celestial travelers strike the earth at the calculated rate of 1 every 1,000 years and New York City's chance of being hit is 1 in 280,000, it would take 280,000,000 years for the total number of collisions to take place out of which New York should be the scene of one. The 280,000,000 years required to work out this cycle are about one eighth the age of the earth. This means that since the beginning of the earth, that area on its surface which is embraced now by the City of New York has probably been hit 8 times by giant meteors.

Nature's Air Raids

This estimate holds good if the rate at which meteors arrived in earlier ages was the same at which they have been arriving during recent millenniums. We do not know when the general area around New York was last hit. All records of such events that happened more than 10,000 years ago have been planed off by the continental glacier or covered up by the sheet of sand laid down by the ice.

There is a strong probability that all of the planets of the solar system have been subjected in the past to a much more extensive meteoric bombardment than at the present time. In the course of 2,000,000,000 years space has been swept clear of a large amount of its floating debris.

The face of our moon is covered with circular craters. The weight of evidence is strongly in favor of the theory that they were caused by meteoric bombardment. The thousands of these craters we now see may cover up a still larger number made by earlier impacts. Some of the craters are 60 miles in diameter, which would indicate that bombarding bodies 10 miles in diameter were common in earlier periods. More small craters seem to be superimposed on larger ones than the converse, which would indicate that the recent arrivals were the small ones. In the couple of hundred years during which the moon has been under telescopic observation, not a single new crater has been added.

We know that the earth is being continuously showered with "shooting stars," very small meteors that are completely burned in the atmosphere because of their small size (from that of a bean to a grain of dust). Observations made in Antarctica during its six months of darkness (by the Byrd expedition) show that the observable meteors of all sizes arriving in the earth's atmosphere in the course of 24 hours total 100,000,000,000. If all were the size of a pinhead, they would add 50 tons of iron and stone a day to the earth.

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If there is a random distribution of matter in space, as regards size and position, then there should be a decrease in the number of particles as the size of the particles increases. The laws of probability alone would lead us to expect that the earth will be struck by meteors of large size but that the frequency of the events will diminish to a very great extent as the size of the meteors increases. The largest body that ever hit the earth of which any record remains is the Siberian body. This was probably not larger than three quarters of a mile in diameter and may have been, like the head of a comet, made up of a collection of small bodies. It was, even if the maximum estimate of size is correct, less than half the size of the body that last year made such a close approach to the earth.

This visiting body was an asteroid, one of a group of more than 1,000 minor planets that traverse orbits that lie between those of Mars and Jupiter. Their average size is that of a terrestrial mountain. Ceres, 500 miles in diameter, is the largest. All of them together would not equal in volume our moon.

The asteroid Eros came within 16,000,000 miles of the earth in January, 1931. Early in the next year a Belgian astronomer named Delaporte discovered an asteroid which he named Amor and which came within 10,000,000 miles of the earth. The following month (April) Dr. Karl Reinmuth, of Heidelburg University, discovered an asteroid which he called Apollo and which approached within 3,000,000 miles of the earth and 300,000 miles of the planet Venus. Then, as if these two astronomers were engaged in a contest, Delporte, in February, 1936, discovered Adonis, an asteroid that came as close as 1,200,000 miles to the earth a few days before its discovery.

This knowledge, available to Dr. Reinmuth, may explain why on the evening of October 28, 1937, when he discovered an unknown body racing at high speed toward the earth he did not sound a world-wide warning that our planet was in danger of destruction. He suspected that it was one of those asteroid teasers that come close without hitting. He was right. It was an asteroid which he has named Hermes, and it came within 386,000 miles of the earth.

If Delporte and Reinmuth keep up this sort of thing and Delporte with his next discovery reduces Reinmuth's approach record by half, the newest asteroid will cross the orbit of the moon. Another such discovery with the same order of distance reduction would bring the visitor down to the earth's orbit; and, if the earth should be at the right (or wrong!) spot in its orbit, there would be one less asteroid in the solar system and a big hole right over there.

While the discovery of the asteroid was made by Dr. Reinmuth on October 28, the first photograph was actually obtained on plates exposed at Harvard Observatory on October 25. It was the data on this plate, in addition to that on Dr. Reinmuth's plates and those obtained by Dr. Jackson at Union Observatory, Johannesburg, South Africa, which enabled D. M. Beard, a student at the University of California, to make the most recent and most accurate calculation of the orbit of Hermes.

Hermes makes the circuit of its orbit in about two and a half years. Early in 1940 you had better buy a tin helmet.

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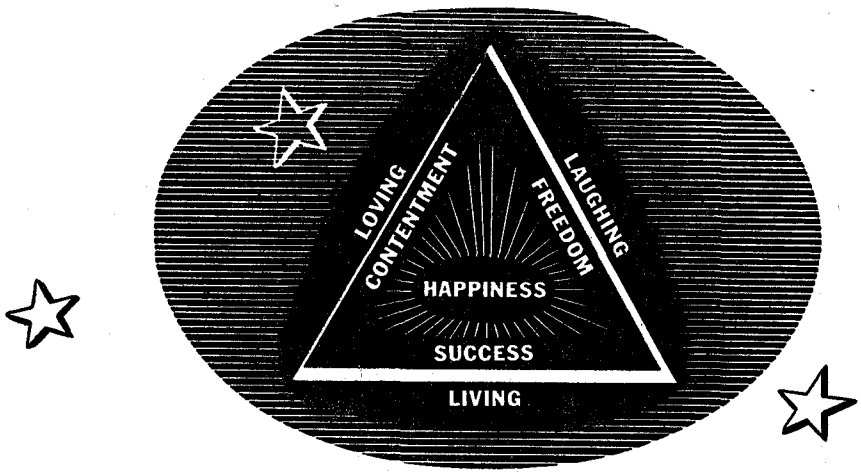
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

Is it ever right to lie?

Deception is the root of all social evil. It is the malignant psychological cancer which causes civilization continuous and exquisite pain. Destroy the power to deceive and you eliminate crime; business and political crookedness; matrimonial unfaithfulness; marriage for money and other ulterior purposes; social pretense; using people whom you allure for selfish purposes; and destroying people by war (legalized murder) for self-aggrandizement in the guise of right, justice, and self-defense.

During 6,000 years of known history — and probably for hundreds of thousands of years before that — happiness for the human masses has been only a dream, a futile delusion. And why? Because no truly constructive reform, no matter how wise and practicable in its conception, has ever been administered by honest human beings. There aren't any. You lie. I lie. Everybody lies. We can't help it — our lifelong habit is too strong, and society as it now exists offers too great rewards for lying. Society's punishments are not for deceiving but for getting caught.

Few of my FORUM clinic friends seem to realize that lying is the fundamental cause of human misbehavior, not a by-product. Some of them write, in effect: "Deception in itself is relatively harmless. It may do more good than harm if the purpose served is beneficial for the person deceived."

A minister maintains:

> The primary problem is to inspire men and women with the desire to do right. If they do no evil then they have nothing to lie about, no punishment to escape by deceiving.

This is logical but not psychological. Which comes first, the chicken or the egg, evil-doing or the power to get away with it by deception?

The study of more than 25,000 cases has convinced me that the egg in this instance comes first — humans learn that they can get what they want by deceiving, and from this secret knowledge of unlawful power grows a crooked personality. If it were possible to make people want to do right while they still know that they *can* do wrong, it would be the nobler method of social therapy. But the hard fact is that this secret feeling of superiority to moral law must first be eliminated before the wish to use lawful methods can be created. The false ego supremacy which leads to crookedness is built entirely on the power to lie.

Katherine Woolsey Hopkins, of Toe River Music School, North Carolina, presents the psychoanalytical view that we begin by deceiving ourselves about the nature of our evil acts — otherwise we couldn't commit them. She writes:

> The question should be, can any good come from self-deception or self-ignorance. Few lies are the result of anything else. The woman who robs her husband's pockets or entertains a lover while her husband is away in so doing has followed her own nature. When faced with it she lies (to herself, subconsciously). Truth should be man's religion and his religion should be Truth.

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This correspondent believes that by undergoing psychoanalysis and thus learning to understand your true nature you will lose the ability to deceive yourself. Thereafter you will recognize your evil impulses for what they are and then you can cope with them. In short, when you have destroyed your own subconscious power of self-deception, the desire to do right will assert itself. This brings up the important point that not only must the ability to deceive others be taken away, before human crookedness is cured, but also the ability to deceive one's own conscious self.

Here you have the whole, practical problem of reforming human character in three words — *make lying impossible.* Sounds like a pretty tremendous undertaking, doesn't it? But a method has been found, a beginning made. A scientifically reliable lie-detector test has been discovered and established; its attack on deception — conscious and subconscious — is well under way.

In the August clinic Dr. Marston will give advice on some interesting personal problems suggested by* FORUM *readers, including the following:

A business girl whose mental health is broken because she cannot win promotion and who cannot win promotion because she is so upset.

A problem child "progressively" educated — shall he be punished and made to follow a curriculum?

A young woman who believes in premarriage trial — shall she follow her convictions?

A young man who has lost several jobs because he resents being bossed — how can he earn a living?

Readers are invited to send their personal problems to the clinic. Names will be withheld if desired. Dr. Marston will answer by mail important requests for advice which cannot be included in the clinic, provided return postage is enclosed.

II

EVER SINCE the Garden of Eden episode the world has been searching for an unbeatable test of deception. Adam and Eve revealed their guilt by running away and trying to hide. But thousands of innocent suspects do the same thing every year. Flight may show fear, but fear springs from many other causes besides guilt. The ancient Hindus made a man prove his truthfulness by chewing rice. If he could spit it out, he was considered honest; if he couldn't, he was held to be a liar. This also was a fear test. Fear dries up saliva in the mouth and makes it difficult to spit. Truthful people may have more fear of conviction than liars. For this reason the Hindu test and those that have followed along the same line, such as the galvanometer test for sweat secretion, discovered more than 100 years ago and recently publicized as a modern invention, are wholly unreliable.

It is not surprising that such tests for deception gain local credence for a time. We have only to remember that many a vestal virgin was buried alive in Rome because she couldn't pass the truth test of carrying water in a sieve to realize how easily the public can be deceived about deception tests. For 6,000 years at least, mankind has been looking for some detection method which would make lying impossible, and during that long period hundreds of worthless tests have been "invented" and imposed on unfortunate victims whose guilt or innocence might better have been decided by throwing dice.

As the nineteenth century drew to a close, the lie-detector quest became scientific. There appeared a number of deception tests from psychological laboratories, among them a procedure devised by Jung which measured reaction times in thousandths of a second and was based on the idea that truthful persons reply more quickly than liars. When I began research in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory in 1913, the Jung test looked promising but in practice proved only 75 per cent reliable. I started out to perfect it if possible and discovered instead the reason for its 25-per-cent failure — 1 person in every 4 lies faster than he tells the truth!

I began experiments, then, on a new theory of lie detecting. Instead of trying to put your liar in such a tight corner that he feels fear and defeat emotions, why not give him every opportunity to lie successfully and measure the extra emotional effort which is required to deceive? This idea proved successful. In 1915 I discovered that systolic blood pressure rises uncontrollably every time a person lies. I worked out a method whereby these blood-pressure rises can be measured and connected definitely with the questions asked. This procedure was called by criminologists the Mar-

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ston lie-detector test, and fortunately proved extremely reliable in practice.

We tried out the lie-detector test first in criminal cases, later in spy work during the War. A committee of psychologists was appointed to rate the reliability of various deception tests, including the Jung test and the psychogalvanometer test. All were rejected except the Marston test, which proved 97 per cent reliable. Experts eliminate this 3-per-cent error owing to human fallibility in administering the test and judge the record by retesting the subject whenever any doubt about the judgment exists.

In 1924 the lie-detector test was first admitted in court in Indiana and is now admissable in 5 States. It is used by more than 100 police departments, by prosecuting attorneys in 10 States, by upwards of 50 banks in testing the honesty of all personnel, and by numerous insurance companies, chain stores, department stores, and other commercial institutions. During the past 3 years I have been using the test extensively in psychological consultation work. Subconscious lies, that is, the self-deceptions previously described, must be disclosed and eliminated in readjusting human personality. They are revealed by this test quite as clearly as are conscious lies told to other people.*

III

I PRESENT the practical deception test as a kind of psychological X ray capable of destroying the cancer of crookedness wherever it takes root.

You can catch a crook twenty times, beat him, shut him up in a filthy prison cell, subject him to all kinds of discipline and punishment but, when you turn him loose again, what have you? A crook, a criminal, a liar, a deceiver, a person who believes in deception and who lives by it now as before.

But suppose every time your criminal tries to deceive he is caught at it, made instead to tell the truth. Gradually his mind is compelled to acknowledge the astounding fact that his power to deceive, his secret margin of superiority over honest people, has been taken away from him. Then his false ego collapses like a crushed puffball. He is profoundly shocked, baffled, stopped short in all his criminal plans and purposes. It is precisely the same effect as that produced by psychoanalysts when they probe to the center of a suppressed complex and brutally attack its tender core of perverted emotion. If you have been analyzed you know the awful feeling that comes then: you suddenly lose all faith in yourself, you feel mortally wounded, the bottom seems to drop out of your entire personality. The same thing happens to a criminal when you show him that his every deception is known, that he can no longer get what he wants and escape punishment by trickery. He loses, for a time, his grip on himself and becomes literally a little child in the hands of adults who can do what they like with him.

While the criminal's innermost mental resistance is broken, his old, crooked personality can be taken away from him, and a new one built up. This is what the analysts do when they get the patient into a mentally helpless condition. They remove his abnormal, ineffective methods of behavior and substitute sounder ones.

But the lie-detector test is not intended primarily for desperate situations or seriously warped personalities. It is even more useful for essentially normal people, in a variety of practical ways. Girls come to me in a state of emotional conflict. They want to know whether they truly love some wealthy man who has proposed to them or whether they are subconsciously seeking his money. They want to know whether a certain man is in love with them. The lie-detector test will answer these questions. Husbands and wives who doubt each other come to me — the test reveals the truth, whatever it is, and they adjust to it in nine cases out of ten, avoiding separation or divorce.

True facts can be met and faced. Deception and doubt prevent emotional conflicts from being resolved. There are scores of frequently recurring everyday problems in personality readjustment which can be solved only by uncovering deceptions, conscious and unconscious, and by eliminating the power to deceive.

From this psychologist's point of view it is *never* right to tell a lie, especially to yourself. You may gain many material advantages by lying. But inevitably you pay the price of forging more firmly the insidious habit of deception which destroys alike mental health and human happiness.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE:— *See* The Lie Detector Test, *by William Moulton Marston, published by Richard R. Smith, New York.*

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This Business of Abortion

by **LOUIS BLANCHARD KALEY**

It was a grim, fantastic story that broke in the newspapers. A chain of abortion clinics had been discovered operating in all the larger cities of the State. Doctors, working behind screens to keep their identities hidden, performed illegal operations with the nonchalance of barbers giving haircuts. An inspector of the State board of medicine was paid to see that the more successful abortionists contributed satisfactorily or got out of business. There was even a corporation to finance installment payments for these illegal operations.

Unbelievable though it all sounded, a district attorney on the west coast was able to prove his contentions to the satisfaction of a jury. These were: that "clinics" had been going full-blast in Oakland, San Francisco, Hollywood, San Jose, Long Beach, San Diego, Los Angeles; that the Oakland establishment was so busy that an ever burning furnace was maintained to incinerate the abortuses; that with the aforementioned medical-board agent in unholy alliance, a virtual State monopoly had been enjoyed by this "syndicate"; that the chain had even edged profitably into neighboring States; that a Medical Acceptance Corporation had been formed to finance installment payments for abortions, exactly as other finance companies underwrite the purchase of furniture, radios, etc.; that, with this diabolically clever setup, there had been developed a $1,000,000-a-year business, before intervention by the authorities.

Most ghastly about such a sordid uncovering is the clew it offers to the size of the national traffic in criminal abortion. An organization like the one described serves a daily quota of clients numbered in the hundreds. It would be woefully unrealistic to pretend that this situation is unique.

That there are so many unhappy women determined to have their wombs devastated with steel on a hastily wiped table is a fact to shudder at. That there could be so many desperate enough to prefer to risk their lives rather than bear the fruit of their bodies not only gives an inkling of the nationwide extent of this grim practice but dramatically emphasizes our inept handling of a great social problem. It is plain that, law or no law, there is a universally strong demand for aborting services. It is the existence of this sentiment, rather than the discovery of a system profitably catering to it, that should occupy our attention.

Estimates have placed our abortion rate at from 500,000 to more than 1,250,000 annually. These, however, are only guesses. The actual total can never be established. The abortionist is an outlaw, and, as his patient is a willing party to the crime, she too will strive to keep the guilty secret. Evidence of a criminal abortion becomes available only when some "accident" occurs. And even the death of an aborted woman is no guarantee that the evidence will be uncovered.

Suppose, for instance, that a physician who only occasionally stoops to abortion has such a case go wrong: The patient is sent into a hospital — not a municipal institution, if the physician can help it. There he attends her as her private doctor. Or he may call in a more learned friend whom he knows will not betray him. But, let us say, despite hospital care, the case ends fatally. Death certification: puerperal septicemia or some similarly evasive phrase. And, unless the abortionist is more than usually unlucky, he gets away with it. Heaven alone knows how many fatal abortions have been written into the records as appendicitis, for instance!

Does this sound improbable to you? Here is an actual case, then, of an out-and-out abortionist who made no pretense even of having a legitimate practice and who would have escaped trouble once more had not one of his unfortunate victims been unsporting enough

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to leave an incriminating letter behind her. This is what she wrote:

> Dear Papa,
>
> I want you to know this in case anything happens to me. Tomorrow I am going to San Jose to the R—— Bacteriological Laboratories — to a doctor for an illegal operation. . . . If I don't come back please remember I am telling the truth. I don't know the doctor's name, but Jack P—— [a solicitor for the abortion ring], who works for the S—— Drug Store there does, as it is through his appointment. . . .
>
> You will hear from me in a few days if I am all right. . . .
>
> Much love,
>
> A——

Next morning the horror-stricken father received a shorter note from his daughter. It was her last. Only a sentence, it described a white, two-story house on a certain street, where she had been sent. Then silence. . . .

For her fears had been prophetic. Death came to her four days later. When the district attorney, at the frantic father's telegram, investigated, the abortionist had already flown. That nothing would have been suspected had not that letter been written is apparent, for the charlatan's death certificate had already been accepted. Written into the records as having been the cause of death was this (note spelling): *Epilelepitic* seizures.

The Traffic of Shame

We tell ourselves we can explain, even if we cannot justify, the act of the unmarried woman who seeks an abortionist's services. Though it is to be deplored, we think it at least understandable that the well-bred girl who has been betrayed by her emotions or the domestic or factory girl who finds it hard enough to work for her own support should want to make away with a token of shame and a future encumbrance. Shame, fear, even contrition so absorb her mind and heart that she is incapable of reasoning and regardless of moral and physical consequences. To escape degradation is the all-demanding need — no other considerations can possibly influence her. Eagerly she submits to surgery that is a serious risk to her life and future health. Though we can understand the driving need of a woman so unfortunate, on moral grounds we deny her the right to be relieved of her distress.

But I wonder if we have the right to say that a girl's moral reputation is not as important to the community as is the physical condition of a woman who has an "ethical," "therapeutic," abortion performed. Is it not possible that sometimes there are situations more menacing to a woman's future life and health than a threatened attack of tuberculosis or a trifling heart lesion — both of which most physicians unhesitatingly class among the conditions demanding therapeutic abortion? Would it be wrong to hope that someday the therapeutic point of view may be widened, to include certain situations where the termination of pregnancy is for reasons other than strictly medical ones?

This, I know, will provoke the outraged charge that any condoning of nontherapeutic abortion would lead to license in sex relations and vastly increase the number of illegitimate pregnancies.

The truth of the charge is to be doubted, however. The fact must be faced that it is chiefly the careless and ignorant, not simply the licentious, who reap the fruits of unwanted pregnancy today. Contraceptive methods, even if often dangerous or merely inadequate, are widely known, and this knowledge, such as it is, is assiduously applied. Our illegitimate birth rate has not gone up, though it can be soundly assumed that unsanctified congress among the unmarried has been on the increase since 1930. This is not necessarily because of any softening in moral fiber; economic conditions have aggravated the situation by making marriage less accessible to those craving its privileges.

Abortion among Married Women

Of course there are plenty of illegitimate pregnancies, but abortions today are far from being confined to unmarried women. For every quaking unmarried girl in the abortionist's reception room awaiting her turn, there are from 8 to 10 respectably married women, mothers of loved, living children. Traffic in abortion today is made up in great part of married women who are unwilling to increase the deprivation of the children they have already borne. The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, in an exhaustive case-by-case survey of 7,500 maternal deaths in 15 States over a 2-year period, discovered that 89 per cent of the women who died from abortions were married. Married women, conscientious and devoted mothers,

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are the chief sufferers from our unfortunate statutory attitude.

How is it that married women, educated, refined, modest, and moral in every respect, loving the children they already have, mourning those snatched from them by disease or catastrophe, can ever allow any circumstance of life to blind them to the iniquity of the crime of induced abortion? One would think that, once a woman had given birth to a child, had known the selfless maternal surge, she would cherish the sacredness of the unborn life within her sufficiently to ward off forever any temptation to deny nature.

The answer can only be that the need is a great, demanding one.

For instance, take the case of Flora Cronin:

Joe Cronin made $17 a week — when he worked. It was hardly an adequate wage, but Flora had never known luxury. As well as she could, she managed to shelter and clothe and feed two children, Joe, and herself. Those weeks when no amount of "managing" could make ends meet, they knew life at close to its darkest.

The depression came, and Joe lost his job for good. The Cronins "went on" relief. Their allotment was necessarily meager, though some lucky weeks Flora was able to supplement it with a little from a private charity. Another child was born to them about this time.

The years on relief stretched out, and the children were growing up. Doris, the eldest, was a capable twelve-year-old, and Flora began to look for a job. Within three weeks she had found one — in a sweatshop but still a job. Now Joe was able to do what he hadn't dared before: quit the WPA and take a selling job on a commission basis. His would be irregular pay, but with Flora working he could take the chance of making little one week to make more the next. He felt his self-respect restored; he had never lost his bitterness at having to take money from the government. And Flora didn't mind working a sewing machine all day; no sacrifice seemed too great as long as she and Joe saw a chance of re-establishing their family as a going concern.

So, when Flora knew herself pregnant again, she never hesitated. She made her husband get a $65 loan from a neighborhood credit union. And she went to see "that doctor" who lived on the other side of town.

Self-Inducted Abortion

Many a wife grows frantic when she discovers she is pregnant. Not because the impending confinement will curb her social activities or for some equally selfish or empty-headed reason (though no doubt there are a certain number of such cases) but because she knows there is so little for the children already born — little food and clothing, little room to develop, less chance of being properly fitted for life's battles. The needs of this yet unborn being will necessitate taking away from the pitifully little of the already living. Who can do else but pity such women? And, if there are those of them who choose to destroy an unformed protoplasm jeopardizing the welfare of the already living, since we will not concern ourselves with helping them raise the child to be, how can we then condemn them?

Seldom, however, does a woman seek recourse to instrumental interference with pregnancy by an abortionist except as a last resort; first she tries every other means of throwing off the unwelcome seed within her. It is only when she admits failure in this that she takes the more drastic step.

The open trade in abortifacients is enormous; in all drugstores they sell heavily, in some running second in sales only to laxatives. There are many women who have been "taking things" every month since their marriage, as a matter of routine, without waiting even for pregnancy to be suspected. There is no telling what ill effects this regular use of toxic agents may produce.

A great number of doctors, while eschewing instrumental abortion, nevertheless prescribe drugs to try to terminate a pregnancy. In fairness to these men, it should be said that most of them refuse to do this except for women they consider in real need of relief.

The sale of abortifacients is not limited to proprietary preparations. Each druggist compounds for himself those drugs which he believes emmenagogic and makes up a few others which he has noted on incoming prescriptions. These he sells at a good profit, with his warm recommendation.

As a noted doctor has sensibly pointed out, in a scientific journal published abroad, if a really safe, reliable abortifacient drug existed, it would be used for therapeutic abortions. For

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it is a medical fact that no drug can be relied on as an abortifacient in women who have not a strong predisposition to abort — exactly as violent physical exercise, heavy falls, and even quite serious injuries will not cause a pregnancy to be terminated prematurely in a great many healthy women, while even a minor fright has been known to cause other women to abort.

If women only knew the truth about these drugs from which so much is expected! Their efficiency may be stated thus: *Doses which do not endanger life fail their purpose; doses which succeed may be fatal.*

Outside the Law

Though medical science well knows the danger of complications, surgically a dilatation and curettement is not an involved matter. It is comparatively simple for a skilled professional hand. Under unhurried, rigidly aseptic technique, in proper surroundings, with assurance of a sufficient period of convalescence, it is a relatively safe and uneventful operation. And therein is much of its deadliness.

For it is this seeming simplicity that makes it so attractive not only to the unscrupulous skilled but to the incompetent failure, the midwife, and even the outright untrained quack eager for an easy dollar. Considering the clumsy, bungling hands that have blithely dared undertake the task, it is no wonder death is so often an attendant. Barbers, salespeople, domestic help, male and female — all kinds of totally untrained individuals have thus dealt out infection and death to women desperate in their need.

A judge, sentencing one of these criminals, said:

> An electrical engineer, knowing nothing whatever about the science of medicine, deliberately took the lives of women into his hands. It is clear . . . you performed one hundred or more illegal operations. Not only did you perform these illegal acts but you did it in the most crude manner possible and without an iota of medical skill.

Why will women entrust their lives to such hands? The answer is as plain as it is tragic. An unscrupulous midwife or a fraud devoid of any skill can be persuaded to undertake an abortion for about $25, sometimes as little as $15, while the services of a doctor-abortionist are hardly ever obtainable for anything less than $50 and most often cost from $100 to $200 or more. Skilled services, then, are often out of the question. But qualified practitioners have attended women at childbirth for as little as $15 — and this including all necessary prenatal care!

That our benighted abortion laws accomplish much besides putting conscientious, adequate services out of reach and delivering a tragically great number of desperate, needy women into the avaricious hands of the renegade and worse is highly debatable. A certain class of our doctors, law or no law, will do abortions whenever they please and even, some of them, magically remain at peace with their consciences. Legislation, however ingeniously drafted or relentlessly enforced, can hardly be a real deterrent; the whiplash of the law can succeed only in making desperate women easier prey for individuals totally without conscience or principle or ability. This is a social problem that cannot be eliminated by prohibitive legislation. Laws against abortion have no influence on sexual relations, nor do they alter emotional and economic circumstances.

The medical profession has been told that only by ridding its ranks of illegal practitioners can it stamp out abortion. To which many brave, ungodly men have dared to reply that it is a good thing these doctor-abortionists exist; that the mortality rate of criminal abortion would be 20 times higher were there not so many skilled medical renegades pursuing this criminal art. For, whatever else may be said of them, it must be admitted that the professional abortionist, despite the cruelty of his methods (mainly the nonuse of anesthesia), does hold mishaps to a minimum. As Medical Inspector for New York's Department of Health, Dr. I. W. Kahn found that in only about 10 per cent of cases was a professional abortionist responsible for the sepsis and complications of criminal abortion; 90 per cent of the time these were the fault of midwives, usually unregistered, and others of even less training and skill.

The woman who goes to the outlaw or the quack, instead of getting adequate hospital care at a reasonable price for three to five days after her abortion — as would the "legitimate" patient — must make her sorry way homeward immediately afterward. Moreover, instead of

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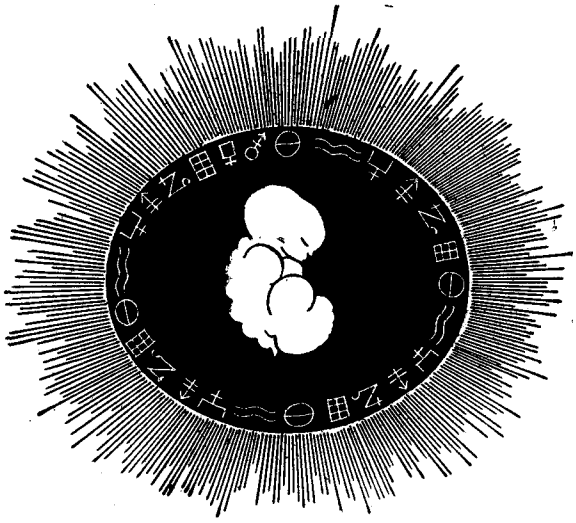
going to bed to rest her wounded, bleeding body, she may have to resume her normal pursuits the very day, that no suspicion may fall on her.

Abortion is palpably wrong. Yet there are many of us who cannot help but wish for a liberalization of our abortion laws, believing that sometimes it may be the lesser of two wrongs. A vast waste of lives and health could be materially reduced were abortions no longer to be judged on purely medical factors; if social, economic, eugenic, and other pressing reasons were included in the consideration. That day would bring new hope for the over-burdened woman who through force of circumstances is incapable of caring for additional children and who has failed to prevent conception. The hospital would then be open to her as to any other deserving patient.

No one — least of all the writer — can possibly justify the indiscriminate practice of abortion. It is an abomination, first, last, and always. But why not try to reduce unwarranted and unnecessary fatalities, to lessen the damage resulting from a furtive, physically and psychologically dangerous practice, until that time has come when abortions are no longer demanded?



In an early issue:
"An Introvert Speaks Up,"
by Speyton Henry

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Philanthropy from the Grave

by **HORACE COON**

"Contemporary needs are the only needs of which we can be certain," the late Julius Rosenwald told his fellow millionaires in 1929. He gave away more than $70,000,000 during his lifetime and he instructed the foundation he established to distribute the principal as well as the interest of its funds, totaling more than $35,000,000, within 25 years of his death. "The dead hand," he said, "has been proved a hindrance if not indeed a menace to mankind," and he advised those who planned to found large endowments to follow his lead.

A trust in perpetuity, he pointed out, cannot endure perpetuity without sound and conservative business management. That is, it must have the help of investment counselors and financiers gifted with a perspicacity possessed almost exclusively by bankers, lawyers, and brokers on the "inside." Each generation, Mr. Rosenwald insisted, should provide for its own problems, and there is no reason to suppose that future generations will be any less intelligent or benevolent than our own.

The best perpetuities, after all, are ideas. Hotel Dieu in Paris is 1,000 years old, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London is 800 years old, and they have existed not because of endowments but because they met genuine human needs. Harvard College was founded with £700 and Yale with £600.

Mr. Rosenwald, in the boom years before his death, argued eloquently with millionaires to give the trustees of the foundations they established the power to spend the entire sums bequeathed. He admitted, however, that it is not the donor but the trustees who are timid.

A perpetuity implies a lack of confidence in the future, and today's millionaires, the Chicago philanthropist wrote, have no right to inject their fortunes into the affairs of the nation 500 to 1,000 years hence. Spending $75,000,000 on a project which seems commendable today may be vicious tomorrow. Half a century ago, wealthy men were particularly distressed about the plight of orphans, and innumerable institutions were endowed with millions of dollars to care for orphan boys and girls, usually boys. Today the supply of orphans is diminishing, and it is regarded as good social practice to place them in individual homes rather than to keep them in institutions.

In spite of that, Mr. Milton S. Hershey has given his chocolate business to the Hershey Industrial School for Orphans in perpetuity. Since he has no children, he said, he wants to make "the orphan boys of the United States my heirs." Five hundred thousand out of a total of 729,000 shares of the common stock of the Hershey Chocolate Corporation will provide an income for the school as long as the public likes 5-cent almond bars. In 1933, at the bottom of the depression, the dividends amounted to $1,675,000, because the school not only owns practically everything in the vicinity of Hershey, Pennsylvania, but also, indirectly, a $30,000,000 plantation in Hershey, Cuba. Only one parent need be dead for a boy to be eligible for admission. The cost per boy in the school is $1,027.49 a year, yet a boy can be kept in a private home in New York City for $300 a year. If a boy does not get along in the school and shows that he is not a proper influence on other boys, he is dismissed. Thus, it has been pointed out, the school is "taking out of the home precisely the children who should be there and excluding those an institution might help." The school cannot begin to spend its income, and, in order to keep it full, orphans must be imported from other states.

Galloping Futility

Recently Harvey G. Woodward of Alabama left $7,500,000 for a school to be established not within 15 miles of a town; and he

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specified that no ministers could be in the faculty, no religious buildings on the grounds, no foreign languages taught, and no interscholastic athletics, fraternities, or examinations permitted. Furthermore, pupils must be native-born Americans of British ancestry in so far as possible, and the teachers must come from the North.

Wills as idiotic as that are not unusual and provide a feast for lawyers. Yet under American law a last will and testament cannot be changed unless it can be proved that the testator was of unsound mind at the time he wrote it.

In the valley of the Loire at Brissac, France, peasants may be seen tilling the fields dressed as Spanish matadors or decked out in grass skirts, because a Connecticut millionaire became so disgusted with the French that he said there was no degradation they would not endure for money. He left 180,000 francs to the 18 employees of his estate on the condition that they wear the outlandish costumes he had spent a lifetime in collecting.

Similar and less amusing examples of galloping futility have marked the history of eccentric bequests.

In 1849, Thomas Grover of Philadelphia left a fund for respectable white widows, housekeepers, or rooming-house keepers whose husbands had died in the region of Southwark. It has been some years since widows answering this description have been found.

Another man left a fund to relieve the poor suffering from yellow fever, so they would not have to go to hospitals.

A Boston hospital has a fund to provide wooden legs for Civil War veterans.

A trust was established by a philanthropist for the education of negroes in Liberia under the misapprehension that American negroes would eventually go there.

An orphan asylum in Baltimore never had an inmate; and two well-known orphanages founded in 1907 and 1908 with combined assets of $8,000,000 were, in 1919, taking care of only 114 beneficiaries.

John Edgar Thompson, onetime president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, left a fund of $2,000,000 to care for the daughters of railroad workers whose fathers had been killed in service on the Pennsylvania. Improved railway engineering and modern safety devices have made it impossible for the Pennsylvania to kill enough employees to make this fund useful. After considerable advertising, 12 girls were found eligible to be helped.

In 1850 Bryan Mullanphy established a fund in St. Louis for worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants "passing through St. Louis to settle a home in the West." The sight of those stranded in covered wagons, unable either to go on or to return East, moved him to this noble bequest; but since that time few homesteaders have been left helpless in Missouri in covered wagons. The income piled up to more than $1,000,000 and might now be applied to those citizens in automobile trailers who have gone broke in St. Louis, were it not that nearly three quarters of it were spent in administrative charges in the course of litigation fighting those who wished to change the will. Now, the courts have decided, the remainder may be used to aid travelers of all kinds in St. Louis.

Benjamin Franklin believed that it would always be difficult for mechanics' apprentices in Boston and Philadelphia to get a start, so he left two loan funds for young married "artificers," not over 25 years of age, who had served as apprentices. Each might be loaned $300 at 5 per cent. When this loan fund had accumulated for 100 years, the Boston money was then to be spent on fortifications, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavement, or "whatever may make living in town more convenient for its people and render it more agreeable for strangers." In Philadelphia the money was to be spent to pipe the waters of Wissihicken Creek into the city. The class of men Franklin wanted to help became extinct, and the cities of Boston and Philadelphia provided, long before 100 years had passed, the improvements he dreamed would then be necessary.

Our Literal Courts

In citing some of these examples of how impossible it is even for those who have accumulated large fortunes to foresee how to spend them wisely, Mr. Rosenwald hoped to arouse his colleagues of great wealth to be more enlightened in their public giving.

The trustees of the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations may, on a two-thirds vote, authorize the spending of the principal as well as the interest of their funds.

Paul M. Warburg has said that he does not

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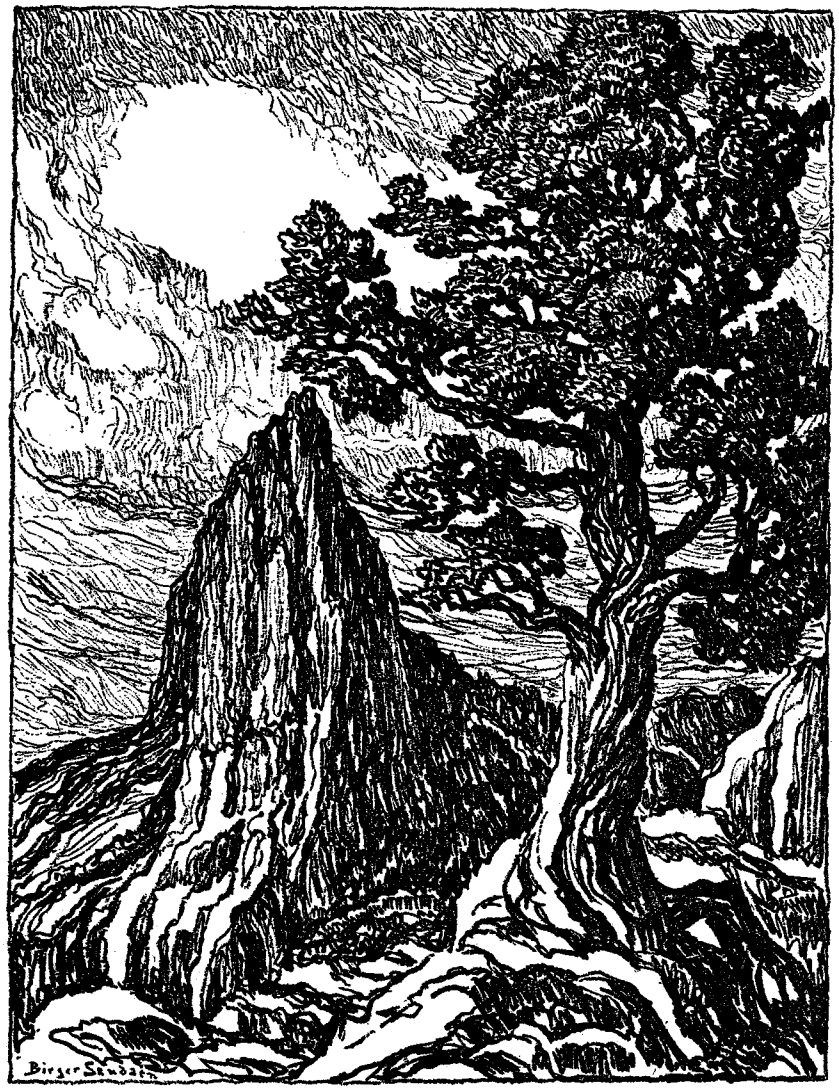

believe in endowments. "Every generation," he declared, "should spend the funds it can spare."

The real difficulty, however, is a legal one. In this country there is no supervision whatever of the spending of the $2,500,000,000 in charitable and educational trusts and foundations except that exercised by the trustees and administrators of the endowments. American courts refuse absolutely to change a will. Charters granted to our large foundations cannot be altered, because to do so would be an abridgement of contract, a constitutional obligation prohibited by the Supreme Court since the celebrated Dartmouth College case argued by Daniel Webster.

We must, therefore, rely on the high purpose, the good will, and the philanthropic motives of the millionaires of today to establish foundations consistent with the public welfare and to provide for the redistribution of their fortunes in ways that will contribute to progress. The common law for persons does not apply to trusts. Adam Smith warned that "the effect of endowment on those entrusted with any cause is necessarily soporific." Untold millions are now tied up in perfunctory services which actually retard progress. In extreme cases the legal doctrine of cy pres (as near as) may be invoked in our courts — but only when the situation has become fantastic, and it is long and expensive. American legal history is full of examples of the unwillingness of the courts to deviate from the letter of the law. Trust officers, bankers, and lawyers can cite many examples of fortunes tied up because American courts cannot step in and direct how funds can be spent. Attempts to do so offer juicy business to the legal profession. Nothing prevents American millionaires from instituting through foundations even more idiotic spectacles than the Canadian "stork derby" or leaving endowments whose purposes may be at wide variance with the common good.

A fortune left for medical research must be used for that purpose even though thousands of lives might be saved if the principal could be used in times of epidemic. A well-intentioned millionaire may leave $100,000 for research, providing an income of $5,000 a year. It may take 30 years to discover whether that particular field of research is worth investigating, but no portion of the principal may be applied at the beginning to see if the work is valuable.

Not long ago a Massachusetts court declared that the McKay bequest for the Lawrence Scientific School, which went out of existence, could not be given to M.I.T. but must be kept separate, "even though at variance with our views of policy or expediency."

More than 100 years ago, Moses Brown, John Norris, and William Bartlett laid down their religious credo and made gifts to the

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Andover Theological Seminary to teach their doctrines. Each professor and member of the Board of Visitors must recite in full the lengthy statutes embodying their creed at his inauguration and repeat it publicly every five years thereafter. This will convey the general idea:

> I believe . . . that by nature every man is personally depraved . . . that . . . every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation . . . that God, of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life . . . that our salvation is wholly of grace; that no means whatever can change the heart of a sinner and make it holy . . . that the wicked will . . . with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever. I moreover believe that God . . . for His own Glory foreordained whatsoever comes to pass . . . that all the evil which existed, and which will forever exist in the moral system . . . will eventually be made to promote a most important purpose . . . and thus fulfill His pleasure. And furthermore, I do solemnly promise . . . that I will maintain and inculcate the . . . Creed by me now repeated . . . in opposition not only to Atheists and Infidels but to Jews, Papists, Mahometans, Arians, Polagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Scoiaians, Sabellians, Unitarians, and Universalists; and to all other heresies and errors, ancient or modern. . . .

Every article of the creed "shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration or any addition or diminution." Unless altered by the founder in the first seven years it shall continue "as the Sun and Moon, forever." After a century of controversy and litigation the Seminary found itself unable to attract funds, faculty, or students. It moved to Cambridge, where a plan of affiliation was negotiated with Harvard. However, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts ruled in 1925 that affiliation was forbidden by the creed of 1807:

> The Court has no concern with the degree of public advantage likely to flow from the proposed affiliation. The founders' views are immutable.

And any concerns of "expediency or general utility are of no consequence."

Even lawyers cannot always draw up their own wills so that their purposes are entirely safe from frustration by the courts.

Samuel J. Tilden projected a charitable trust in his will, held invalid by the courts.

Judge Samuel Hitchcock of New Haven left a fund for "the support of pious young men, preparing for the ministry in New Haven," but the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors found this void for "uncertainty."

Robert W. deForest, an authority on the descent of property, bequeathed a large sum of money to the Adirondack Mountain Reserve "to preserve the forests, lakes, and mountains of the Upper Ausable Valley." But the Adirondack Mountain Reserve proved to be unqualified to receive a charitable trust.

In a little town in New Jersey, a lady wished to leave a small fund to purchase books for a church library, and she stated in her will that it was for the library in the bell tower of a certain church. The investment was in the common stock of the New Jersey Zinc Co. which at the time of her death paid small dividends. But this corporation became a "war baby." In 1915 the dividends rose 50 per cent and paid a 50-per-cent stock dividend. The following year there was another stock dividend of 250 per cent, and other dividends increased the fund until books filled the tower so full that no further purchases could be made. Yet the New Jersey Courts held that all the books must be kept in that tower and that the funds could not be used for any other purpose, not even to build a library.

Orphans and Sailors

Two early Americans who made their fortunes in the legitimate business of privateering left two of the most discussed of all foundations.

Stephen Girard in 1831 left $2,000,000 and the residue of his estate to the "Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of Philadelphia" for an orphan asylum now known as Girard College. Here 300 fatherless white legitimate males between 6 and 10 years of age, who can produce marriage certificates of their parents and their own birth certificates, may be admitted to be fed, clothed, and educated until they reach an age between 14 and 18. Preference is given to boys from Philadelphia, then Pennsylvania, then New York City, and then New Orleans. The will gave specific instructions on the construction of the buildings, even to the dimensions of the rooms, so that the architects had difficulty in both following the directions and making the buildings habitable. Furthermore, Girard specified that a wall 14 inches thick and 10 feet high, with 2 gates, was to surround the property.

What occasioned the controversy and the lawsuits was this admonition:

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> No Ecclesiastic, Missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises of the said College.

Girard explained:

> I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans free from the excitement clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce.

The heirs attacked this immediately as invalidating the whole bequest because "hostile to the Christian religion." After lengthy litigation, Justice Story upheld the will.

The residue of the Girard estate consisted of real estate which was later found to include a part of the richest anthracite coal fields in Pennsylvania, from which more than 98,000,000 tons of coal have been mined. Mr. Girard directed that "if the income is more than sufficient it shall be invested in good securities." This has been done, so that the Girard College endowment is now worth more than $77,000,000. This, added to the Hershey funds, makes ample provision for the orphans of Pennsylvania.

In 1801 Captain Robert Richard Randall of New York, "being weak in body but of sound and disposing mind and memory," drew up a will, probably with the help of Alexander Hamilton, leaving $25,000 in securities and a tract of land on Manhattan island, the income from which was to establish and support a home for "aged, decrepit and worn out sailors" to the number of 50 and upwards in an institution "that shall be perpetual." The trustees were to be the Mayor and the Recorder of the City of New York, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President and Vice President of the Marine Society, the Senior Minister of the Episcopal Church and the Senior Minister of the Presbyterian Church, and the Chancellor of the State of New York. An act to incorporate "The Sailors' Snug Harbor" was passed by the legislature in 1806, and it was amended in 1814 so that the ministers mentioned shall be the Rector of Trinity Church and the Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Wall Street. The land was then described as "21 acres, one rood, thirty-four perches and 132 feet in the Fifteenth Ward and four lots in the First Ward." It was here that Captain Randall expected his home for sailors would be built, for he said that it should be erected on "part of the land on which I now reside."

In 1824 the trustees decided that this land was too valuable for such a purpose and in 1831 purchased on Staten Island 100 acres for the sailors' home, where it was opened the following year. The disbursements the first year were $8,357.80, and the income from the funds invested was $84,782.26, while the income from the real estate was $24,885. This real estate includes the land from Washington Square North, east of Fifth Avenue, to East Tenth Street and, with a few exceptions, all the lots east to Fourth Avenue, including the land on which Wanamaker's now stands. In 1835, $227.55 was spent in the home for medicine, $83.66 for pass tickets on the steamship *Cinderella*, and $271.60 for refreshments "for the Honorable Senate and the Trustees." The rents then brought in $30,587.95, and the total amount of the funds amounted to $114,105.

With the growth of the city the land became more valuable, and in 1922 the ground rents were $1,076,001.89, and the total income $1,112,524.57. But the expenses of the administration were $893,220.57, including taxes, and the expenses of the institution were $499,564.67. Since then, the financial reports have not been published, but a financial statement is sent each year to the Board of Aldermen and State legislature. The latest available figures are for 1935, showing a ground rent of $1,022,530.50, interest on securities $38,189.12, and other income of $31,741.64. The expenses of the institution were $423,695.87, to provide for about 800 old sailors, who now include men from engine-room crews and Gloucester fishermen. The taxes and the cost of maintenance of the Manhattan property are $530,014.88, and the "general" expenses are $127,219.08. On this financial statement $90,000 are deducted for depreciation and improvements, so that a bookkeeping loss of $81,468.57 is shown. The total assessed valuation of the property on which taxes are paid is $9,917,000; but this does not include all the original tract, because Wanamaker and several others who pay ground rents to The Sailors' Snug Harbor pay their own taxes. About $240,000 are paid in taxes, leaving maintenance charges of $293,014.88, not counting the "general" expenses of $127,219. A part of the property is leased outright; a part is managed and operated; and the

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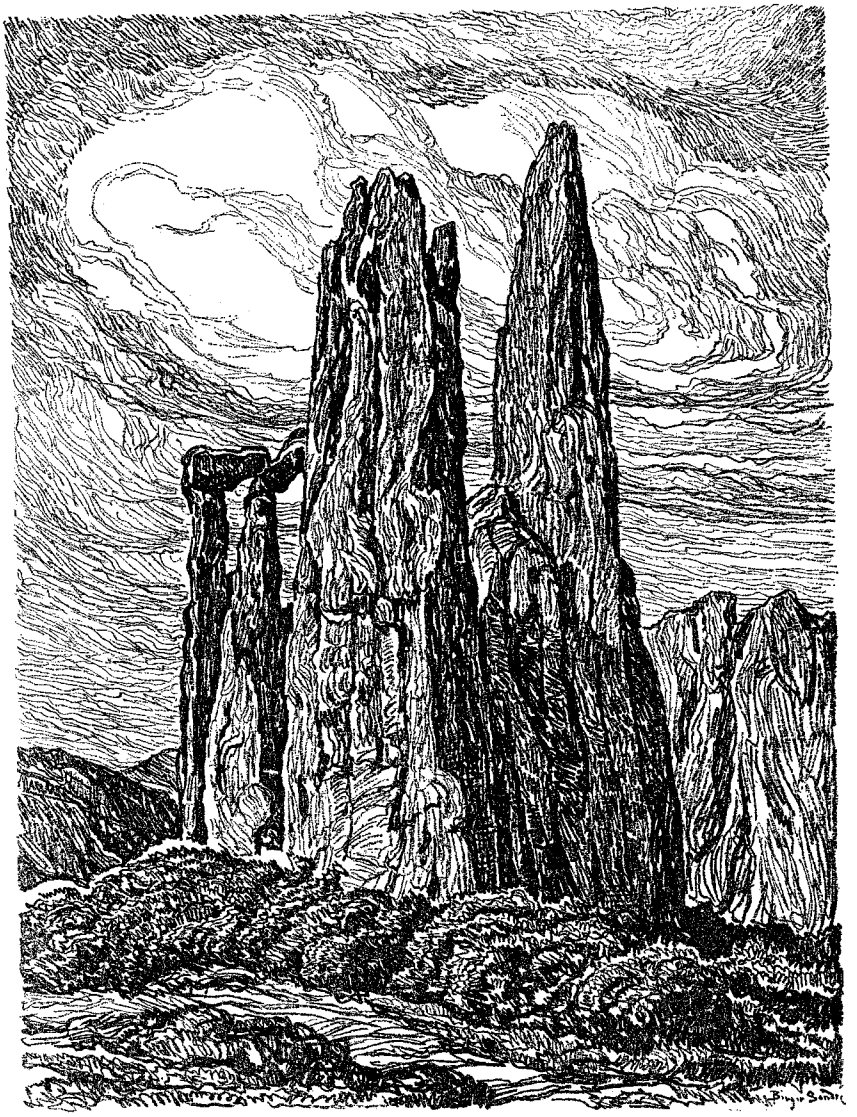
cost of maintaining an office for rental and management purposes is considerable. Loft and apartment buildings have been erected and renovated from time to time, so that the institution must retain a staff to carry on the details of a fairly large real-estate business, which is, of course, responsible to the board of trustees.



Perpetuities in England

No criterion exists for judging the efficiency of our large endowments. In a sense it may be said that they are run socialistically, since no profit motive is involved except the salaries of the administrators. Nobody outside the work of the foundations can judge with any accuracy how well or how honestly they are run. Since there is no supervision of any kind by the State or federal governments, it can only be assumed from the financial and other published reports that all these institutions are conducted in accordance with the high purposes of the founders. Some foundations, however, publish no reports and give out no information to the public.

The Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations regard themselves as semipublic institutions, and it cannot be doubted that they are conducted efficiently and in a lofty spirit.

Some criticism has been made of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, amounting to $12,000,000. This is apparently used to send Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler abroad every year and to publish occasional pamphlets. It has never come to grips with the currently accepted theories of the causes of wars or investigated the manner in which capitalism, fascism, or sovietism might lead to war. Such criticism may be unjustified, however, since no investigation has ever been made in this country of the way foundations are managed after they have been established.

A similar legal situation existed in England over a century ago. On August 28, 1818, a royal commission was appointed by Parliament "to examine into all breaches of trust, irregularities, frauds, abuses or misconduct of estates and funds." This did not include in its survey the educational endowments of Oxford or Cambridge or schools or endowments of which universities were the trustees, nor did it apply to the colleges of Westminster and Eton or any college that had special visitors, governors, or overseers appointed by the founders or to funds applicable to the education or for the benefit of Jews or Quakers.

At that time in England there were more than 40,000 trusts, with a total annual income of £1,200,000. Many eccentric trusts were discovered, such as one to provide ransom for Englishmen captured by Barbary pirates, one to establish a lectureship on coal gas as the cause of malarial fever, and others for similar solemn purposes. In 1727 Dr. Woodward

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directed that a fund he left should pay for a lectureship at Cambridge, for all time, on his theory of the natural history of the earth and defend it against the theories of a certain Dr. Camerarus. Since then both theories have been exploded, and the chair abolished. One man left money for the illumination of his wife's tombstone, and another to pay somebody to dance on his grave each year on the anniversary of his death.

After 14 years of investigation, the commission of 29 members, including among them Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russel, Lord Granville Somers, Sir Robert Inglis, and Lord Francis Egerton, made a report which sounds astonishingly relevant today:

> With funds amounting to more than one million pounds a year, it is obvious that their proper management and right application are matters of national concern as the objects embrace the education and comfort of the people. It is reasoned that the superintendence and administration of all property devoted to charitable use should be entrusted to a permanent board of three Commissioners who have the duty of superintendence and control of all property devoted to charitable uses, with an accounting power to summon all parties concerned in management of charitable institutions or funds, to appoint and remove trustees, and to take care that no sale, mortgage, or exchange of charity property be effected without concurrence, and that all funds applicable be invested upon real or government security, and to preserve all documents relating to charity estates, to give acquittances of all payments where no competent party can be found, to audit from time to time annual accounts, to have power of removing masters and ushers, to sanction salaries paid, retirement allowances, to authorize such arrangements as shall appear calculated to promote the object of the founder and to suggest such other appropriations as may appear desirable.

By a series of Parliamentary enactments, these recommendations have since been carried out.

The commission reported several public schools as typical of what it discovered.

The Berkhampstead Free Grammar School, for example, was incorporated by Henry VIII to teach 144 children free. It was discovered that only 4 children were being taught and that the master got two thirds of the rather large income.

In another school, no pupils were found, and the funds were used in litigation. The commission remarked: "The Parishioners are much dissatisfied with the present state of the charity." This illustrates what can happen, it was noted, to a valuable institution with large funds. Considerable stipends were paid, the schoolhouse was dilapidated, no boys were receiving instruction, and the surplus was exhausted in litigation.

In a school in Coventry was found a master 85 years of age and an undermaster not much younger, both of them obviously incompetent even for the one lonely pupil in attendance. It was almost impossible to remove either master, however, except through long, involved, and expensive proceedings in the Court of Chancery.

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American Opinion

In 1915 the Walsh congressional commission investigating industrial relations and causes of social unrest in the United States made a cursory survey of the subject of large endowments.

Frank P. Walsh characterized foundations as a "menace to democratic institutions" and suggested that the government might take them over, "to take back for the people the vast fortunes embezzled from the people."

At that time the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company was under fire, and Mr. Walsh was particularly bitter about $2,500,000 appropriated by the Rockefeller Foundation for migratory birds, $250,000 of it coming from the Rockefeller subsidiary then being criticized. One worker told Mr. Walsh that he wanted first of all a safe retreat for his baby and his wife and inquired: "Is there any person who will not challenge a hundred-million-dollar foundation exempt from taxation?"

Samuel Untermeyer, testifying before this commission, was asked about the potential control of labor conditions in the hands of large corporations. He answered that large foundations were "not limited by State lines" but were "international in scope." A small group of men, he agreed, might exercise through corporations and foundations a widespread control over labor conditions. The Rockefellers, he pointed out, sought a federal charter but were not satisfied with the terms of the Peters bill of 1910, so they obtained what they wanted from the New York State legislature. The Russell Sage and the Carnegie foundations did the same. Mr. Untermeyer recommended that foundations should be organized under a federal law instead of under State charters. Secondly, he said, no perpetual charter should be given, because one generation has no right to bind another. "We may have an entirely different social structure and different conceptions of education in fifty years," he declared. Third, there should be a limit on size. Fourth, foundations should not be allowed to accumulate income. Fifth, there should be governmental representation in the choice of new trustees because of their control in the hands of financiers.

Louis D. Brandeis, at that time not yet appointed to the Supreme Court, was another witness. He was asked about the possibility of the power of the great foundations being applied otherwise than for the welfare of the people. He answered that he believed that the highest motives prompted the establishment of foundations but he had

> grave apprehension of the ultimate effect when control has passed out of the hands at present administering them to those who may not be governed by such excellent intent.

When it was suggested to him that the power of endowments might be used not always for good, he said: "It is creating power, and we do not know into whose hands it may get or how used." He added that he thought large foundations "inconsistent with democratic conceptions."

Amos Pinchot testified that there is "nothing more powerful or subtle than the influence of large donations on institutions depending upon endowments." He told of the Audubon Society's refusing $25,000 from the Remington Arms Company. He quoted the saying that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come" and remarked that the gratitude of the trustees of a university would be such as to disapprove of an instructor who criticized industrial policies. Professor Ross of Wisconsin, he quoted as saying:

> Thousands of experiences have shown the tendency of boards to administer a charitable foundation in a narrow or class spirit or in accordance to obsolete ideas or exploded theories. Endowments should be controlled in the interests of democratic principles and the public.

The commission expressed alarm at the "powers of a small group extended through funds for indefinite purposes," but the investigation was centered on more sensational matters, and soon the crusade to make the world safe for democracy occupied the whole attention of Congress and the public.

Government Regulation?

There was slight public interest in foundations after that until Julius Rosenwald provoked discussion by his proposals, and little was published about them until 1936, when Professor Edward C. Lindeman brought attention to them by his book on *Wealth and Culture*. Yet since 1915 more than 40 large-sized foundations have been established, and more are projected. In 1928 alone, $92,000,000

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were received by foundations. Only 7 foundations have lasted from the nineteenth century into the twentieth, but now there are more than 100 well-known foundations operating and many more about which the public hears little until some millionaire transfers the shares of a holding company of a railroad empire to his newly formed foundation. In 1934, 123 foundations reported to the Twentieth Century Fund, with total capital funds, exclusive of real estate, of $701,676,268.

We may expect that the number of foundations will increase rapidly since this is one of the most convenient methods by which millionaires may escape income and inheritance taxes and dispose of their wealth in such a way that the government will get no large part of it. The increase in the size of university endowment has been particularly phenomenal. Since 1915, Harvard's endowment has increased from $27,000,000 to $129,000,000. Yale accumulated only $4,942,000 in its first two centuries but now has $95,838,568. In 1915, Harvard's was the only endowment exceeding $20,000,000; now there are 16 universities with endowments of more than that amount. The combined endowments of Chicago, Columbia, Harvard, and Yale have risen in 25 years from $20,000,000 to $359,000,000. Only one community trust existed in 1915; now there are 78, with $45,000,000 in funds.

Great Britain in the meanwhile has provided for complete supervision of charitable and educational foundations. The first are under the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners, and the second are supervised by the Board of Education. The Colebrooke commission in Scotland in 1872 recommended altering the provisions of endowments and providing the Commissioners with the power of amalgamating, combining, or dividing them and of establishing new governing bodies. The British law abhors perpetuities. When it can be shown that the purposes of a foundation are not adequately attained, the Colebrooke commission declared, society rightly exercises a power of modifying conditions which obstruct the beneficial operation of endowments.

By an act of Parliament of 1928, it is the duty of the Commissioners to determine if an endowment is in the best public interest and whether the funds should be applied to alternative purposes. The Commissioners have the power of altering the purposes, of applying the funds to uses they think fit, and of grouping, combining, or dividing endowments, as well as altering the powers of investment. This is done in the case of Donaldson's Hospital in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Margaret Gibson Spier of Beith, Scotland, laid down a plan in her will for a school for 24 boys from the poor or working class, children of parents who have not been on the roll of paupers, excluding "children of shopkeepers or tradesmen who live principally on their capital or the employment of others." The Commissioners built the school and opened it to all children of good health and character, subject to examination, and were justified in doing so under the act of 1928.

To do such a thing, it was said by British critics as long ago as 1826, would be to dry up the wells of benevolence, for wealthy persons would not provide endowments which might be changed radically from their expressed wishes. But it was discovered by the Oxford commission of 1882 that bequests were made with greater confidence as to their utility and that the wise benefactors were more strongly induced to bestow their wealth for public benefit when it was known that foundations would be so regulated by the state as to contribute to the donors' highest purposes forever.

American legislators have not yet begun to follow the road of investigation and legislation, in regard to foundations, which the British began to trace in 1818. A. E. Ikin, an English commentator on American foundations, remarked that our legislation "has been entirely in the direction of providing endowments rather than in safeguarding them." No inquiry commissions have made a study of foundations in the United States, he notes, and public indifference may lead to public neglect. This might bring improvement, though it cannot undo previous neglect.

Since the fundamental factors are legal ones, inherent in the peculiar nature of the Constitution of the United States and the protection it gives to property rights, the difficulties are considerable. It may be that some lawyers will say that they are insuperable. But, if the public should make up its mind that our large foundations ought to be regulated or placed under governmental supervision, a way will certainly be found to do it.

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The Artist's Point of View

Again I Try to Slay a Dragon—in Macy's Everyday Parade

THERE ARE still with us today two dragons (at least) whose great, lumbering bodies sprawl over the American landscape. They are vicious, powerful monsters, these dragons. I know, for I, as a self-appointed St. George, have been trying in vain to slay both of them for a dozen years or more. But their hides are thick — too thick to slay. My heaviest javelin, hurled with all the verbal force I can muster, when it hits the beasts at all, merely irritates some surface spot for a moment, and is immediately forgotten.

One dragon, Antiquarian Mind, clogs progress by the sheer bulk of its inert matter. The other, Profit Motive, kills progress by fiery blasts and destroying claws, which reach into every hamlet and city street and home of this great nation.

Antiquarian Mind I have javelined sufficiently in former articles — on Mellon, the Metropolitan Museum, the Jefferson memorial. Today, just one lusty thrust at Profit Motive as it affects American culture in the arts applied to life.

Almost any ad of furnishings or decoration in a "classy" magazine will serve as a case study. Here's one of Macy's, from the *New Yorker*, on its Forward House 1938. I quote:

FORWARD HOUSE MARCHES FORWARD

Macy's Forward House 1938 unfolds a new, slender, elegant modern compounded of Baroque curves, traditional motifs, the exquisite inlays of old world furniture and the fundamental simplicity of true Modern.

Do you get the implications? Please read it again. Now, let's analyze.

Business, we must remember, is *in* business to make profits and for no other reason. In merchandising, the surest guarantee of profit is to please the greatest and offend the smallest number of people. In furniture, the greatest number of Americans still like antiques; therefore the furniture department must please the backward-looking antiquarians in its dealing with a *forward*-looking or modern style which in its honest manifestation denies every tenet of antiquarian faith.

". . . modern compounded of Baroque curves, traditional motifs . . . and the fundamental simplicity of the modern." Can that be done? Can oil and water mix? Can night be day? Can "modern" be compounded out of the things of which it is the antithesis? Of course, claims Macy's copywriter. Just average the words and the design. Hit a happy medium. Avoid extremes. Label compromise "marching forward!" And, presto! everyone is pleased and flattered, and everyone buys.

These businessmen assume, you see, that the vast majority of us who read the *New Yorker* and *Vogue* and all the other upper-class magazines are so aesthetically ignorant that we will not see the joker, will not be offended, will agree, and will buy. They are shrewd. They know their majority. And *they are right*. The small minority who take offense can safely be ignored.

It is a truism to say that this power of profit dominates our fare in all the arts where profit, especially in the higher brackets, controls production. We all know it. We know radio and movies as star examples and we know that all art fields are tainted. Jerome Davis analyzes causes and effects in his book, *Capitalism and Its Culture*. Anyone who does not know can here find all the evidence.

I revert to the old dragon symbol to describe this invincible power over our lives which dictates our economic and aesthetic malnutrition. To medieval minds the word *dragon* symbolized superpower, unconquerable by man without divine aid. Today divine aid is elusive, and the St. Georges lack big guns. Defeat, therefore, is inevitable on the general front. But, as I have so often argued, any one person or group (including the co-operatives) can escape the fiery breath in merchandise by refusing to buy the thing which it has tainted — including Macy's misnamed Forward House. He can buy instead genuine creations. Knowledge plus action is dangerous and is the only big gun which can slay a segment, at least, of a dragon. That's why some of us keep on writing, I suppose, and buying as shrewdly as we can.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Personal Reasons for Poetry

by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

O BLACKBIRD *what a boy you are!*
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star —
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
"Good Lord! she is so bright
Tonight!"
The blackbird saith.

Here in nine short lines, T. E. Brown has stated the case for the disinterested artist far more convincingly than it would be put forth in the same number of pages of the most persuasive prose. The Philistine questions skeptically, though gently,

And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?

This is the voice of the material world: "Is it worth while?" There is, there can be, only one answer from the true poet. He sings because he must. His wonder compels it. For this he was born, to celebrate what he loves —

Good Lord! she is so bright
Tonight!

Poetry, paradoxical as it may seem, is an affair of the most personal and, at the same time, the least personal implications. For any real poetry to be created there must be the utmost indriving concentration of all the poet's powers. But this intensification of attention has a strange result.

And now I must try to make plain my own experience, which has been fortified by analogous experiences in the lives of other poets. When I say "utmost indriving concentration," I do so in an effort to crystallize a repeated experience. But I find that it is better done by description. Before a poem takes shape but when in a tantalizing, vague, and troubling way it is asking to be given shape, it seems as if something — a presence, a picture, an essence — were enclosed within a wall. The wall — a circular wall without an apparent opening — is one's mundane self, the physical integument, the sum of one's external concerns. With this self, the presence within seems to have little to do. At the moment when it becomes imperative to capture the elusive presence within this wall, then the will — or something stronger than what we ordinarily call the will — focuses one's united powers into an assault upon the wall. The obdurate mass gives at one point, and lo! one is inside. And what one thought was a roofed tower is open at the top on a visible sky. Once within, there is an ineffable sense of unity — with the sought presence and with the soul of all things. Also with one's own soul, its identity verified but not isolated. Rather now it becomes related to other souls — almost, one would say to *all* other souls.

What seemed trapped within now makes free of the air. In a sense it is the air — or like the air — the common property of all men. Because now it has become condensed to one apprehension. And what seemed exclusively one's own — some experience, some emotions, some lightning stroke of the mind — finds, when the poem takes shape, its answer and echo in the breasts of others. But, until the experience is truly felt and unerringly communicated, it is not poetry, however neatly it is confined in verse forms.

"INSPIRATION"

I WAS a small girl in an Ohio town when I read Israel Zangwill's *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. I do not remember any of the stories distinctly, although I can recall the vague outlines of one in which a child was born blind because the pregnant mother was half starved. I have never read the book since but I know that it made a powerful appeal to my emotions, caused a revolt against things as they were (or seemed to be), and brought into being certain moral questions that have never since been silenced or finally answered.

I started to write an essay: Which was the more valuable — the Dreamer or the Doer — or, in other words, the poet or the practical man? For the first time in my life I was conscious of that seizure we call inspiration. At that moment nothing in the world seemed important but grasping those indefinite but immeasurably forceful emotions and imprisoning them in words, so that I could bring them outside myself, look at them, consider them, and probe them in order to relax a kind of swollen tension that not only conditioned the mind and emotions but worked on the whole nervous system so that my body itself felt taut. Once I had got my feelings into thoughts and my thoughts on paper, I had the sense of weary but happy relief and lightness. I have over and over again experienced similar sensations.

And now I realize that for some 30 odd years that first dialogue has been extending itself and inclining me not only to a choice of art but also to a way of life. Nature had predisposed me to the side of the dreamer — the poet. The most immediate and intense reactions to sensory stimuli had simultaneously linked up in my soul to other implications — the nature of which a child had no means of divining. Glorious as the world of sense might be, it still bore blemishes, and I had in me intimations or memories of a perfected world. To this perfect world I aspired — but never entirely with a good conscience. For it seemed (though I could never reconcile it with any reasons — the daily maxims of my parents and teachers that it was wrong to waste time in idleness and daydreaming were reasons that constrained but never convinced me) that, when I turned entirely away from what is called the real world, I was both cowardly and disloyal. And now after many years I see that the attempt to *live* poetry — to bring into manifestation something of the Platonian "good, true and beautiful" was somehow an act of faith, my effort to reconcile and resolve a duality of which I first became conscious so many years ago.

So, to me, poetry is not a limited mode of writing but rather a condition of living of which the writing is the testament. It begins in an awareness of eternal things — an awareness only heightened by the impact of the physical world, that has meaning in and beyond itself.

A tree, for example, in itself is a good sight. The uses of a tree apart from its beauty, the significance that can be attached to it, the analogies to other growths in nature and to the character of man the wonder it awakens as one of an infinite variety in the panorama of trees, and finally the thought of the intelligence, the love, and the divine artistry that created it. What is disparity becomes identity to the poet.

As Humbert Wolfe makes one of his characters in *Monologues and Dialogues* say, "There is nothing in the world that has not a genuine significance. The poet elicits that significance and relates it to something beyond itself and beyond his own mind."

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THE RECORD REVIEW

MOZART: QUINTET FOR CLARINET AND STRINGS. The Budapest String Quartet & Benny Goodman (Victor M 452; 3 10″ & 1 12″ records, $6.50).

MOZART & CLEMENTI: SONATAS FOR TWO PIANOS. Grace Castagnetta & Milton Kaye (Timely Set 3-K; 3 records, $5.00).

MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO NO. 15 IN B FLAT. Joseph Szigeti, violin, & chamber orchestra (Columbia 322; 4 records, $6.00).

MOZART: QUARTET IN E FLAT FOR PIANO & STRINGS. Hortense Monath & the Pasquier Trio (Victor M, AM 438; 3 records, $6.50).

TSCHAIKOWSKY: PIANO CONCERTO IN B FLAT. Egon Petri & Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Walter Goehr (Columbia 318; 4 records, $6.00).

SINGLE RECORDS from Victor and Columbia.

THE record makers have invested heavily in Mozart stock recently, and few if any record buyers will be inclined to regret it. Doubtless curiosity will attract more than the usual number of purchasers of masterworks to this version of the Clarinet Quintet enlisting the somewhat paradoxical combination of Benny Goodman and the Budapest Quartet. Surely most people will be prepared to call this set a stunt, at least before listening to the records.

A hearing of the performance is likely to alter one's opinion. For there is nothing in it which suggests that Victor, Mr. Goodman, or the Budapest Quartet had anything else in mind than to make music seriously. In fact, were Mr. Goodman's name accidentally missing from the labels, this recording would be accepted without question as a fresh, vivacious, inspiring interpretation of the music.

To be sure, the interpretation may be criticized in places. For example, the tempo at the opening is too hasty and makes a retard necessary before the entrance of the beautiful, lyrical second theme. But this is more likely to annoy the purists and the fanatics — critics generally suffer from the disease afflicting the latter — than one who listens to music for sheer enjoyment.

Forgetting for the moment that Mr. Goodman is the king of swing, it must be admitted that he approaches this music as an earnest musician, one of an ensemble of five in which he is not the dominating member. He brings to the music tone and technique of the first magnitude and to the ensemble a sense of musicianship and co-operation which is a delight. He plays as a colleague, not as a headliner.

The recording is articulate and resonant. Unfortunately, Victor spaces it on three ten-inch and one twelve-inch disc. In the process, some of the repeats are omitted. It would have been preferable to use all twelve-inch records and retain the repeats, especially since the music is so delightful.

MOZART and Clementi are offered by Timely as a contrast and a parallel. Listening to the records, you will be more impressed by the contrast. The parallel exists mostly in the form. In content the two sonatas have little that is similar.

Clementi's music is display music containing some appealing spots. Juxtaposed to Mozart's music, however, it seems hardly more than an exercise. The Mozart sonata is expressive in every bar and phrase. Clementi's charm becomes beauty. Elegance becomes eloquence. And the scope of the Sonata becomes orchestral, even in the two-piano scoring.

Admirably do Miss Castagnetta and Mr. Kaye play the Sonatas. Their ensemble is clean and precise; their sympathies are with the music; their performance is fresh and spirited.

The recording, one of the better examples of what may be done in capturing piano tone, substantiates Timely's threat to record unusual music "from the listener's point of view." The only apparent shortcoming in the set (also overlooked by Leo Liberthson in the informative accompanying leaflet on Mozart and Clementi) consists of an academic error on the labels of the Mozart sonata, saying that it is K. 381. Köchel lists it as 448. The error in pedantry, however, need not interfere with one's enjoyment of the records.

WHILE still in the mood for Mozart, listen to Szigeti play the Divertimento. In this version, the music is treated as Mozart performed it for the first time in October, 1777 — it is played as if it were a miniature concerto for solo violin accompanied by a chamber orchestra of two horns and strings. With Szigeti as soloist nothing could be more desirable. Every time I hear him I want to join hands with those who call him the greatest violinist alive. He makes the music as Mozart himself might have made it, playing it with brilliant tone and bravura style.

This is indeed an extraordinary recording even though the horns in the orchestra find difficulty in attacking with precision and in keeping in tune. Szigeti and Columbia's technical job and Mozart's music overshadow whatever minor blemishes are present.

BACK to Mozart again to mention Victor's recording of the Quartet in E Flat, the second of two works for piano and strings. This quartet is often shelved in favor of the First Quartet (recorded for Victor by Schnabel and members of the Pro Arte Quartet about three years ago). The shelving is hardly an aspersion on its merit. This quartet is as genuinely Mozart and as lovely as its predecessor.

Some listeners find the larghetto especially moving. I happen to like the final movement best. Even with preferences for particular parts of the Quartet, there seems to be no justifiable reason why the entire work should remain in obscurity. Thanks, then, go to Victor for making it available on records, to the Pasquier Trio for its fine performance, and to Miss Monath, who does her part of the business ably, if falling short of the Pasquiers' resiliency.

ALL pianists attempt at some time or other to play the Tschaikowsky Concerto. God help them! Mr. Petri demonstrates one way of playing it, trying to make its cliches unobtrusive. In so doing he shows the strength and the weakness of the music, the tremendous opening, the vital rhythms, the morbid moods, and the sometimes nauseating sentimentality. Somehow he sustains the quality of the compelling parts throughout the mediocre and reprehensible, so that the Concerto in this performance has considerable attraction. The orchestral accompaniment seems too thin and poorly balanced. This may be the result of poor microphone placement, for the piano sounds big and bright.

THREE recent single records are of especial merit: Thorborg singing Mahler's *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, with Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic (Columbia), recorded while Vienna was still an artistic center; Marian Anderson singing two Schubert songs, *Die Forelle* and *Der Tod und das Mädchen* (Victor) superbly; and excerpts from Honegger's *Le roi David* (Columbia), a re-pressing of a version by chorus and orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet, who clearly indicates Honegger's original and excellent style.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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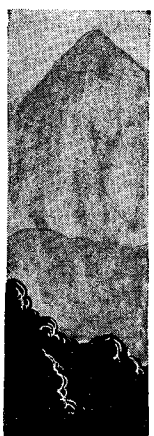

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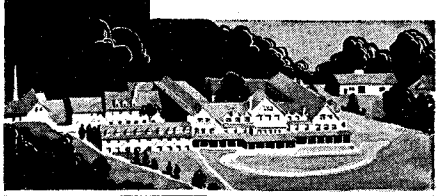

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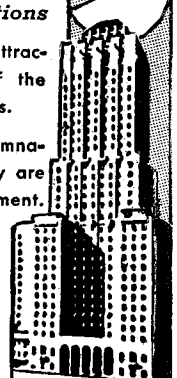

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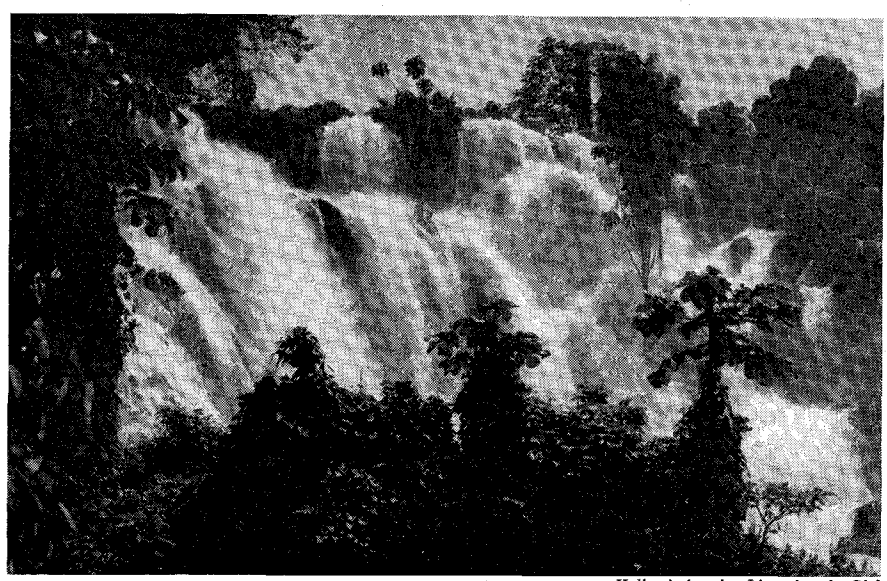


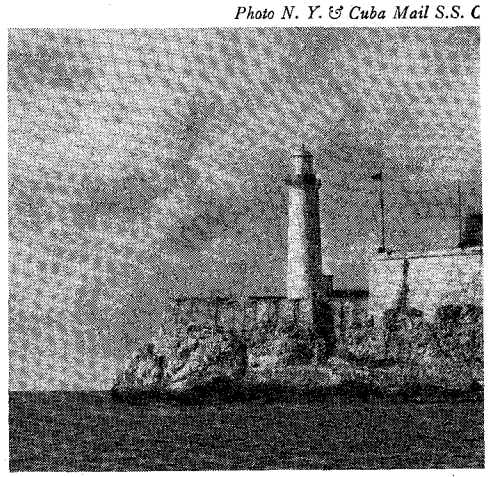
Holland-America Line photo by Gick

JAMAICA *isn't all Kingston — Harbour Street, King Street, Charley's Punch Bowl, the Myrtle Bank Hotel, Hope Gardens, enjoyable as they are, and back to the boat. Try such jaunts as those to Montego Bay, Port Antonio, Buff Bay by way of Newcastle and the Blue Mountains, or Mandeville . . . and delve into such beauty as Roaring River Falls, depicted in the photograph. There's a reason why Jamaica is known as the Gem of the Caribbean!*

Photo Grace Line

PUERTO RICO *is fast forging ahead as a "must see" spot among Caribbean devotees. Is it any wonder, when you ponder the photograph? Columbus discovered the island and fresh spring water that saved his life and the lives of his crew in 1493. Ponce de Leon ruled it fifteen years later and until his death from Seminole-inflicted wounds while seeking the fabled Fountain of Youth.*

Photo N. Y. & Cuba Mail S.S. C



CUBA, *of course, means Havana: maracas — those "swish, swishy-swishy" gourdlike rattles — and "Manee," the peanut vendors' cry. More than that, Havana means Fun in extensis; which is why Havana is ofttimes referred to as the Paris of the Caribbean. Some idea of its popularity can be gathered from the fact that in addition to being the regular weekly cruise port of call of the* Orizaba *and* Oriente *(N. Y. & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.) Havana is also listed on virtually every 1938 Caribbean program of all other steamship cruises. Photo shows the famous Morro Castle at the entrance to Havana harbor.*

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the Sun

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

THIS IS THE time of the year when most of us either are tanning our hides or hiding because we aren't tanned. And if you're in the second group I can think of no better advice than to get aboard ship and start Shootin' the Sun.

There are several ways of doing this, of course — rooftop or garden if you're lazy, park or golf course if you've nothing else to do, river and countryside if that's what you like — but if you'd really be in the swim there's the generally accepted way of Shootin' the Sun . . . cruising the Caribbean. And it's a year-round pastime!

Bear in mind, also, that this water way of getting your hide tanned is a most inexpensive way of garnering at the same time a lot of thrills, relaxation, adventure, variety, education, and life. Add those together and you have TRAVEL. See what I mean?

As to the particular trends this

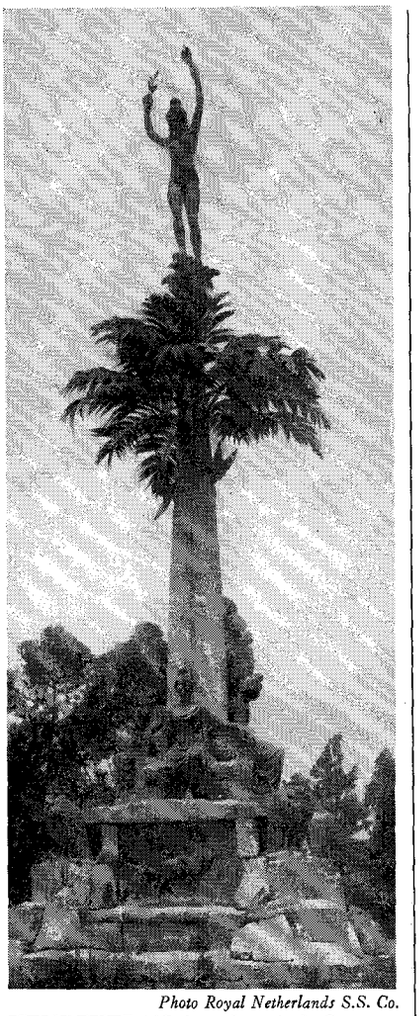
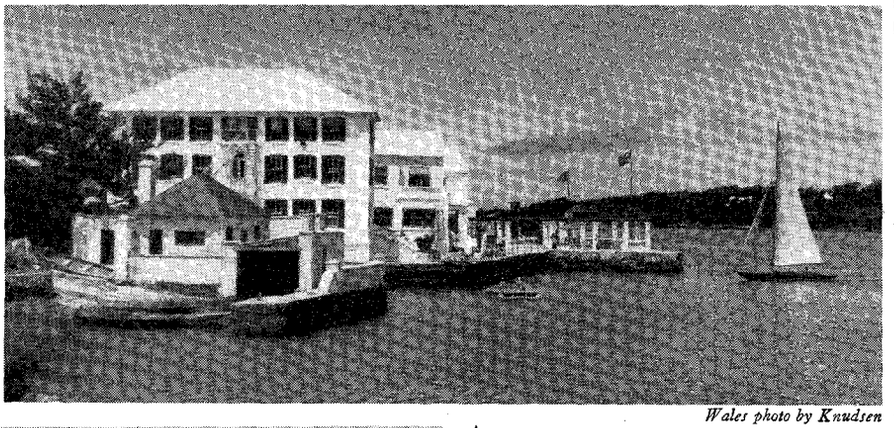
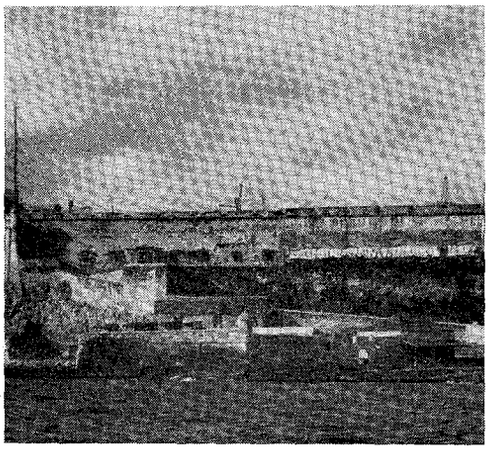


Photo Royal Netherlands S.S. Co.

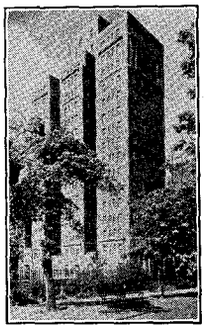
VENEZUELA'S *famed capital, Caracas, contains many beautiful buildings and monuments, among them the Carabobo Peace monument shown in the photograph.*



Wales photo by Knudsen



BERMUDA, *naturally, needs no introduction, but we thought you'd like this view of the popular Inverurie Hotel. Beautifully calm and peaceful spot, isn't it? Well, that's typical of the Bermudas, which, if you have not visited them already, should immediately be moved to the top of your "next" list. The many famous beaches, the climate, the sports of all kinds easily entitle the islands to be called* Yearly *or, perhaps better still,* Daily, *because there are 365 islands in the Bermudas — one for every day in the year. In all, they cover about the area of Staten Island, in New York Bay!*



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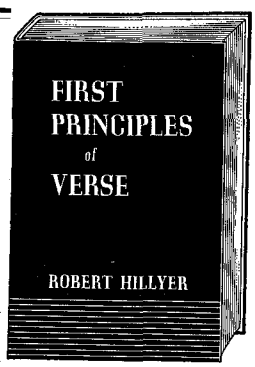

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE makes available to verse writers, teachers and critics, the accumulated results of Robert Hillyer's years of writing and teaching poetry. It treats not only the fundamental elements of verse — diction, imagery, the music of words, the various kinds of metre, basic metrical forms, and the special ones like the sonnet, the ode, and French forms — but also the bases of criticism of verse.

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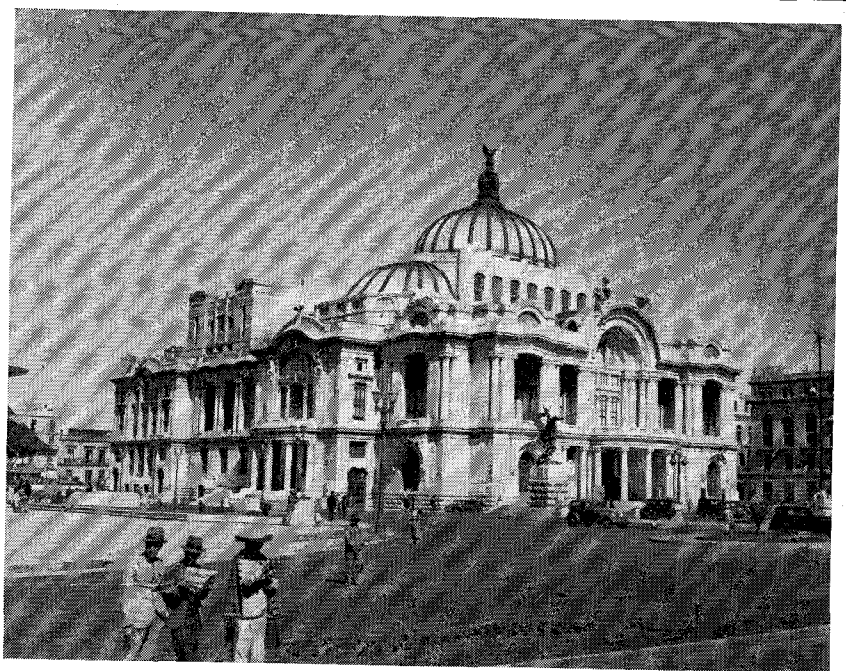
Travel



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MEXICO CITY *is renowned for its National Theater, above, with its $47,000 colored glass curtain made by Tiffany. Ingenious lighting effects show Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl at dawn, noon, twilight, and night. Its organ has 7,000 pipes and everything from carillons to Aztec drums.*

year: Cuba, Jamaica, Mexico, and Venezuela appear to have the popularity vote in hand, with Puerto Rico well up in the ranking.

Havana, as the "Paris of the Caribbean," has a quota of devotees in proportion to its size, offerings, and accessibility.

Did you know, by the way, that Havana was the third city to serve as capital of Cuba? The first, settled in 1512 by Diego de Valesquez, was Baracoa, on the north coast of the island. In 1514 Valesquez moved his headquarters to Santiago, which was the capital until 1551.

The original Havana was founded in 1514 near what is now known as Batabano, about 50 miles from the present capital. Valesquez beached his ships in what is now Havana harbor in 1519, found the site suitable to his needs, and ordered the transfer of the settlement at Batabano.

This transplanted colony grew into present-day Havana, although the government offices were not transferred officially from Santiago until 1551.

THE MOSAIC lover will find plenty to appease his appetite in Puerto Rico, particularly the Casa de Espana in San Juan, the capital. A glance at the photograph accompanying this article will give you some idea of these mosaics. (I refer to the fountain, of course.)

Puerto Rico was discovered by Columbus in 1493. At that time it was all wild jungle, edged with coral reefs.

Columbus, his crew and his battered barks, earlier reports of his voyages tell us, were having the dickens of a time with the fresh-water problem. Practically all the water he carried had become foul. Just as it appeared a desperate case, they ran across Puerto Rico.

The boys rushed the water casks ashore — near the spot where the town of Aguada now stands — and the panic was over.

Claiming the island for Spain, Columbus then continued to Santo Domingo, leaving the colonization of Puerto Rico to Ponce de Leon. This seeker after the fabled Fountain of Youth returned to Puerto Rico fifteen years later and ruled as governor until he died of wounds inflicted by the Seminoles of Florida during his third trip there in search of the Fountain.

TOO LONG MEXICO remained "cornered," by explorers and artists, chiefly, who discovered the many things to be enjoyed there and kept the secret to themselves. Now, however, it is yours for the journey and well worth it.

Mexico City is a best seller among travel tickets — which speaks volumes for what the seasoned traveler does when he likes something — and, if the Bahamas are entitled to the title of Isles of June, then Mexico City must be called the city of "Jungust," because throughout the year it enjoys the temperature of June and the verdure of August.

And so it goes with these Caribbean travel lands. Together they're a riot of tropical color. Individually, each has some particular attraction that alone is worth the cost of a voyage to see. And, speaking of seeing — why not? Seeing is believing, you know.

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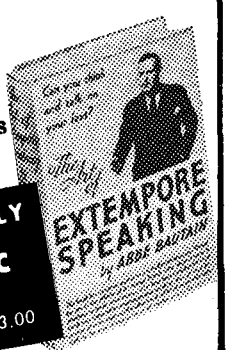

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TOASTS

DWIGHT MACDONALD graduated from Yale in 1928 and from 1930 to 1936 was a member of the staff of *Fortune*. He is busy these days writing a social history of the steel industry and helping edit *Partisan Review*, a left-wing literary magazine.

CECELIA EGGLESTON was educated in public and parochial schools in Washington, D. C., and graduated from Howard University. She did social work in New York for a time and now is back in Washington teaching school.

WILLIAM SEABROOK, newspaperman, traveler, and adventure lover, is one of journalism's best known free lancers today. He has written a number of books, of which many readers will doubtless remember *Asylum*, published in 1935.

SANFORD BATES, a native of Boston, where he once practiced law, was formerly director of the Bureau of Prisons of the United States. He is now executive director of the Boys' Clubs of America and, through his voluminous writings on the subject, one of our most esteemed authorities on penology.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has been connected with the Department of Justice since 1917. He was literally catapulted to fame a few years ago when the American public suddenly took the "G men" to its romantic heart.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN lives in Baltimore, where she writes verse and short stories, which occupation she has been pursuing for 21 years (in other words, since she was 8).

CHAPMAN J. MILLING is Staff Physician at the South Carolina State Hospital, in Columbia. Outside his profession, his chief interests are Indian history, poetry, and folklore.

EDWARD A. STRECKER has been Professor of Psychiatry at Yale and at Jefferson Medical College and is now Chairman of that department at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG'S chief interest is poetry, but she has also written a history of Poland's Queen Jadwiga and, more recently, a young people's version of the same story.

A. D. THEOBALD started his first savings-and-loan account at the age of eleven but has been professionally connected with the building-and-loan industry only since 1931. He is an instructor in land economics and real estate at Northwestern University.

MARION JOYCE (a pen name, of course) has outlined the salient facts of her life in her article in this issue, "Flight from Slander."

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY, a FORUM contributor of long standing, is working hard on a novel which she describes only as "of the American scene."

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"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

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THE BOOK FORUM

FANNY KEMBLE — Margaret Armstrong (Macmillan, $3.50).

SWEDES IN AMERICA — edited by Adolph Benson & Naboth Hedin (Yale, $3.00).

SWEDEN — ANCIENT AND MODERN — foreword by Marquis W. Childs (Bonnier, $1.50).

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1937 — Whitney H. Shepardson & William O. Scroggs (Harper, $3.00).

THE LIFE OF CHEVALIER JACKSON — an autobiography (Macmillan, $3.50).

GOOSE FEATHERS — George Digby (Dutton, $3.00).

ILLUSION AND REALITY — Christopher Caudwell (Macmillan, $5.00).

THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES — Maurice Bardèche & Robert Brasillach (Norton, $4.00).

AMERICAN VILLAGE — Edwin Valentine Mitchell (Stackpole, $3.00).

CROSSROADS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE — Hendrik de Leeuw (Lippincott, $3.00).

If you have thought that all the spirited biographical prospects have been saddled and bridled and ridden sway-backed, read Margaret Armstrong's *Fanny Kemble*, as untamed a subject as was ever let roam.

Fanny was born in 1809, in the golden age of the Kemble family which for six generations ruled or regented the English stage. There was Charles, her father, polished actor and producer; "glorious John," who was said to have been jealous of Mont Blanc — but only when he grew old; and Mrs. Siddons, the dowager empress of them all. If the Kembles were proud and fond of one another, they wore Sarah Siddons like a coat of dark, shining armor. Naturally perhaps, no one ever thought of little Fanny as successor to the glory of Mrs. Siddons. But act Fanny could and did, when Charles's debts made some *coup* absolutely necessary. As Juliet she won English hearts in a way her imposing Aunt Sarah never dreamed of.

Warm, generous, full of impulse, a bit of a hoyden, Fanny soon ventured abroad to glean for Charles in American theaters. Here, too, she was idolized. Then she rashly gave up the stage to marry Pierce Butler, who appears a perfect miracle of snobbery, conservatism, pettiness, and ill-humor. What had been a joyous, enchanting life among the Olympian Kembles was engulfed by the unsuspected boredom of Philadelphia society. When Fanny published her impressions of America, the Butler circles were offended; but, when she declared herself an abolitionist, they were immeasurably shocked. For Pierce owned huge property in Georgia — and, of course, slaves.

Perhaps Miss Armstrong does the gentleman some injustice, but it seems unlikely, so well does she establish the reader's trust. Her life of Fanny Kemble is all of one piece. With equal skill she recreates the rather glamorous world of the theater and the semibarbarism of the remote Butler plantation where Fanny spent some harrowing months. The inevitable separation, the return to the theater, the publication during the Civil War of her stormy Georgia Journal, the long years when she earned her living by readings from Shakespeare are all recorded with a grace and vitality that make for more than just pleasant narrative. This is creative biography of a rare and satisfying sort.

Someday a Kenneth Roberts will discover the country round the mouth of the Delaware River which used to be called New Sweden. There is enough romance and turmoil, adventure and skulduggery in its history for a dozen novels. How the first colonists came out to settle among the Indians and got on with them famously; how they labored and waited in vain for supplies while their strange Queen Christina dabbled in philosophy at home and forgot to dispatch ships; how the Dutch and English finally absorbed the colony — all this is still to be told in colorful terms.

Meantime, under the editorship of Adolph S. Benson and Naboth Hedin, a solid *aes robur* of a book, *Swedes in America*, has been published in celebration of the Swedish-American Tercentenary. For it was just 300 years ago that those first colonists landed. Since then the Swedes have gone on quietly making their enormously important contributions to American life. They were the ones who introduced the log cabin to this country. They gave us co-operatives and cream separators: they gave us poets and aviators: Carl Sandburg and Colonel Lindbergh are symbolic. They gave sturdy haymakers to the whole Midwestern farm country and to journalism the talented muckrakers Ferdinand Lundberg and Oliver Carlson. There is almost no portion of this country they have not in one way or another enriched.

Swedes in America is a scholarly and important tribute to the creativity of a great stream of immigrants — a book to make us rejoice and to confound the back-where-you-came-from boys.

The old country these emigrants left and the changed land they would find if they returned there now appear in *Sweden — Ancient and Modern*, a brief, beautifully printed volume got out by the Swedish Traffic Association, with a foreword by Marquis W. Childs. In somewhat the manner of the WPA American Guide series, it combines trenchant information with dramatic charts and maps and photographs suggesting the spirit of the country from Viking times to ski meets and spotless factories. Special emphasis on Sweden's industrial individuality is indicative of her people's pride in their way of life — the way that has been called the most civilized on earth.

In the everlasting international gamble, the United States has a big pile of chips. Seeing that sometimes we hold a royal flush and sometimes only a pair of deuces, two onlookers have written a crisp, poker-faced book called *The United States in World Affairs in 1937*.

With momentous events to record, Whitney R. Shepardson and William O. Scroggs have avoided both the Charybdis of caution and the Scylla of special pleading. Looking west with America, they see war in the Orient, where, they point out, our foreign policy has been the reverse of our policy in Spain. To the south they see formidable tests ahead for our good neighborliness. Perhaps their most important contribution is this cool-headed survey of the conflict of world forces in Latin America, where Italian and German fascism are making inroads among men and markets, while Mexican antifascism makes inroads among investments from the north. The text throughout is an easily digested balanced ration of data and narrative. And, for those who want more to chew on, there is a very substantial bibliography and appendix.

All the babies who get assorted merchandise and machinery down their windpipes and out again owe their lives to the work of one man. He is Chevalier Jackson, the modest, sensitive, uncannily deft doctor who developed a tiny instrument called the bronchoscope that can be insinuated into delicate passages where slicers and clippers would be fatal. Somewhat reluctantly, he has now written his autobiography, a very winning book.

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The Book Forum

Young Chev Jackson grew up in rough Pennsylvania coal-mining country, where he never ceased to be shocked by men's brutality to animals and to their fellow creatures, though he became hardened to his own physical suffering at the hands of older bullies. This curious dual development of tenderness and endurance accounts for his later work more than anything else — except perhaps the skill with tools he learned first as a pastime, then as a necessary financial aid to his family. A life so filled with labor and hardship as his seems forbidding in bare outline — unnatural even, if it were not for flashes of pure spunk. Because of the English anti-vivisection law, for instance, he was never allowed to demonstrate in London his method of practising bronchoscopy on dogs before tackling human beings, though as a matter of fact his horror of cruelty is so strong that no animal ever suffered under his hand. At any rate, Dr. Jackson points out, he never hunted the fox.

GOOSE FEATHERS is the engaging title of George Digby's book of selected reminiscences. For Digby was born on a goose-feather bed, which, according to the legend of his Irish ancestors, destined him to a life of wandering.

Whatever the reason, he began to rove at seventeen, when he went out to Ceylon as manager of a tea plantation; and a vast section of the Orient has since then passed before his keen, mild eye. He fell in love with a half-caste girl who wore fireflies in her hair at night. He bagged an illicit fortune in birds of paradise. He gave sound, gratuitous advice to Japan's foreign minister and introduced Charlie Chaplin movies to the natives of New Guinea. Jaunty, unhurried, guileless — that is George Digby. That is also *Goose Feathers*, which is as amusing as it sounds.

A YOUNG Englishman, Christopher Caudwell, has produced *Illusion and Reality*, a twentieth-century defense of poesy which may herald a new poetic outburst if the prophecies in his book mean anything.

Caudwell writes out of Marx; and the results are bound to stir discussion even — or perhaps especially — in quarters where approbation lags. Since the author is himself a poet, some of the uncouthness of psychological and economic lingo is obviated. Throughout all of Caudwell's intricate, unconventional analyses there runs the preservative quality of sincerity. He not only believed that the future of poetry lies with the common people and on the Left — he died at the age of 28, fighting in Spain.

CHILDREN and hermits are the only people who won't see much in *The History of Motion Pictures*, by Maurice Bardèche and Robert Brasillach. And, the older you are, the more fun you will get out of this nostalgic trip back through the early good- and bad-lands of the film.

The authors, two enterprising Frenchmen, seem to have sat through all the movies ever produced in any country in the world, including Mr. Mack Sennett's little horrors. They know the inside stories of the trade, which they recount with zest and a good deal of wit. About technique, about the film as art, what makes good comedy, how real is realism — there is apparently no side of the picture business our brisk commentators do not know and theorize on. The illustrations — stills from new and ancient productions — are quite as entertaining as the text.

WITH the geniality of an old friend settling down to talk of the days when, Edwin Valentine Mitchell has written *American Village*, a sort of sketchbook of life among our ancestors. He conjures up the lairs of dubious barber-surgeons who clipped or bled their customers according to demand; the candle shop so profitably fled by young Ben Franklin who later invented an improved street lamp; the general store where by chance or intent the feeble light helped in driving sharp bargains. He records the exploits of such early entrepreneurs as the ambitious Mr. Tudor, who made a handsome profit from shipping ice to India — twice across the equator.

The source of Mr. Mitchell's material is the Dearborn Museum of Henry Ford. Adding much from his own vast store of knowledge about American folkways, the author has given us something quite as fascinating as his earlier *Horse and Buggy Age*.

AFTER a good many years of wandering and writing in far, exotic lands, Hendrik de Leeuw has revisited, as a tourist, the country of his birth. In *Holland: Crossroads of the Zuider Zee*, it appears he discovered at home as much romance and color as in Bali or the Celebes — and perhaps more solid enjoyment.

For all its air of long established serenity, the Netherlands has lived through stormy history that adds spice to the soberest dike or windmill. Wars religious and political have left their mark on the country, but the most exciting is still the endless battle against the sea. The earliest, half-savage inhabitants started it; wicked little worms (brought from the Orient with rich spice cargoes) almost lost it by eating up the wooden sea-wall reinforcements; and now finally modern engineering seems on the way to conquest. Reconstructing all of Holland's past while he tests the present, Mr. de Leeuw gives us a very model of persuasive travel guides.

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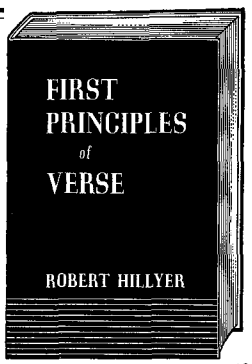

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE

To the Editor:

Your clever and amusing article "Junior League Ladies" [by Struthers Burt] which appeared in the June issue of THE FORUM is indeed stimulating and provocative — so much so that it was reprinted in the June issue of the Junior League Magazine.

Your article is somewhat difficult to answer for four main reasons:

1. Much of your criticism stresses the obvious and minimizes the material. You over-emphasize superficial faults in the Junior League which are acknowledged by the majority of its members. For instance, the stories written by newspaper reporters which characterize the importance of position and social standing, the small amount of "Lady Bountiful" type of charity, and indiscretions or bad judgment used in some individual undertakings. Such things are recognized and admitted, and are among the primary efforts of the organization to correct. They are not fundamental or typical of the Leagues' accomplishments.

2. Your article is permeated with inaccuracies — for instance, there is not "a field secretary constantly at work coordinating the Leagues" — instead, there are actually eight well-trained professional members of the field staff who constantly are analyzing needs in communities, training volunteers to think and act through vitally stimulating courses of instruction. Forty-five is not the age "when she would retire from active membership" — 40 is. But there is no point in attempting to list or answer inaccuracies. Evidently your article was written after only a superficial examination of the history and records of the Junior League. And much must have been gleaned from woman's pages of newspapers and magazines and from general hit or miss publicity which you yourself criticize. Had you come to the proper source for your information, namely, the Association of the Junior Leagues of America headquarters, you and your readers could have been spared inaccuracies, misconceptions and misinterpretations.

3. Further, it seems that some of your facts are distorted for the purposes of the article. It is misleading to cite the calendar of the New York League for the month of February 1938, which month particularly includes many recreational activities. Also, you should have mentioned the calendar of a month which includes a provisional members' course, directored by Claire Tousley, assistant director of the Charity Organization Society. The examination questions on the provisional course stressed problems of delinquency and crime, unemployment and collective bargaining.

Question I. Commissioner MacCormick told us after police line-up, "We cannot machine-gun our way out of delinquency and crime." (a) Why not? (b) What are some of the causes of delinquency that have their roots in the young delinquent's family life at home?

Question II. There are nine and one-half million unemployed persons in the country right now. In some communities the city relief officials, instead of wanting to give penniless families cash relief once a week, in their homes, on a budget basis (as New York City does) would prefer to feed these needy fathers, mothers, and children at armories or breadlines just as we saw the homeless men being fed at the Municipal Lodging House the day we visited there. They maintain that this is a cheaper plan for the city. How do you feel about these two methods of helping penniless people — and why?

Question III. If you were asked by someone to state the reasons why working people in any large industry join together in unions for collective bargaining with their employers, how would you phrase their five or six basic reasons for so doing? If you have a suggestion as to some other method by which you think they might achieve their purposes better, will you outline it?

You refer to the New York Club House as though it was the usual — it is the only one of its type in the Association. . . .

4. Many of your references and suggestions seem irrelevant and impossible to apply. The Junior League cannot be considered along with "annual floods, Russia's spring trials, the civil war in Spain — 10,000,000 Americans out of work," etc., etc. Nor can the Junior League as a great group of young women attempt to cure the evils of venereal disease, death in childbirth — slaughter on the highways, etc., etc. These things are deeply deplored, but the Junior League cannot cover all the broad evils of the day. This simply is impractical. Our primary purpose, however, is to educate our members to be aware of the broad social problems and assist with their solution through trained volunteer service in established organizations, each member working in the field that interests her most. Where no organization of a needed kind exists, the Junior League frequently initiates the establishment of one.

The intent of your observation seems to be that you want the Junior League to fulfill its purpose by accomplishing some-

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thing continent-wide, concrete and constructive, and that you want the members to think.

I leave this unanswered resting the record of the Junior League on statements which you yourself make as to what it has been able to accomplish and the things to which it has directed its efforts — stripping your statements of generalities which are inaccurate and misleading. In this connection of stimulating thinking, I refer you again as an example to the examination questions noted above.

I simply submit that your own statements show that the Leagues do accomplish two definite things — two things, which are in character appropriate, feasible and practical. First, we train our individual members toward better citizenship and, second, our Leagues endeavor to give genuine community service to the communities in which they are located. On these facts we rest our case.

HELEN W. LEOVY, *President*
Association of the Junior Leagues of America, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

SCHOLARSHIP REFORM

To the Editor:

I have read the article by Donald Andrews entitled, "The Scholarship Racket" (June FORUM) with a great deal of interest and find that I agree with him entirely. I wish that it might be possible to have every high school principal and college administrator read the article.

A little over a year ago a number of college administrators in Illinois and Wisconsin felt that some definite step should be taken to correct what we too have termed "the scholarship racket." The result of our first deliberations led to the formation of what is known as the Association of College Representatives. . . . Recently we drew up a statement of policies which we submitted to the North Central Association with a recommendation that these policies be accepted as a code for the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and that wide publicity be given to the resolution. . . .

It may be of interest to you to know that Augustana College has taken very active leadership in reforms dealing with the scholarships and other financial assistance. Enclosed you will find a copy of our new application for financial assistance as well as our announcement of aid which is available at our school. On page 1 I have underlined a statement stating that no scholarships are awarded to freshmen at Augustana. This decision has been made for two main reasons:

1. High school standards vary so much that . . . a student ranking in the upper 10% in one high school graduating class may not be entitled to as much consideration as a student in the lower quarter of a high school class in which the standards are far more stringent. If we were to exclude students below the upper 10% who graduate from high schools where standards are high we would do them an injustice.

2. We feel that a student should prove his worth on our campus for a year. . . .

. . . . . .

In fairness to others it should be pointed out that we offer a limited amount of other aid to be known as service awards, but freshmen will share these awards to a very limited degree. Students who are limited in funds may be encouraged to attend college if they give promise of real success, but our general thesis is that freshmen should defray their expenses and as their own savings and family resources become depleted during their senior college days we stand ready to help them complete their college education. We regret that we have no loan funds because we feel that many students should not jeopardize their academic advancement by long hours of employment to defray their college expenses. . . .

. . . . . .

It may be said in conclusion that Augustana does not intend to jeopardize its financial status by offering extensive financial inducements to students, nor to deplete resources which should be used for faculty salaries and other improvements in order to engage in a pernicious bartering for students. We maintain that an adequately staffed and equipped institution is the best investment of our limited resources and that students will recognize this fact and choose Augustana rather than some institution which has lowered its standards in order to meet competition. The success of this program has already been clearly evidenced and I am not in the least concerned about the fact that we have closed the door to any form of bartering by our prospective students. I hope that other schools will take courage and establish similar policies.

. . . . . .

C. A. SERENIUS, *Registrar*
Augustana College and Theological Seminary
Rock Island, Ill.

The Editor of THE FORUM *delivered the commencement address at the seventy-eighth annual convocation of Augustana College on June 6. He received the honorary degree of Litt.D.*

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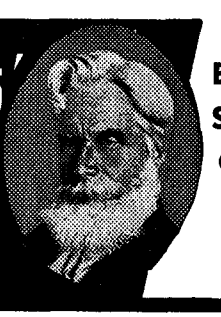

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